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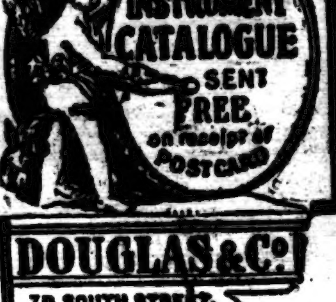

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NEARLY SAW HIM.

SOME little time ago two youngsters were walking along the street together.

The father of one of the boys is a policeman, and his companion, who knew this, said to him:

"What is your father's number?"

"No. 25," replied the boy.

The questioner then said:

"I nearly saw him last night."

"How was that?" asked the policeman's son.

"I saw No. 24!"

"WHAT makes Goldsmith so proud and haughty lately?"

"He put an electric bell in his house all by himself, and it really rings."

WIFE: "Nearly time to start house cleaning."

Husband: "What a nuisance! Let it go this year, can't you?"

"Impossible."

"Well, I'll tell you how to arrange it. Don't do any cleaning—we'll move."

NOT MUCH SATISFACTION.

"LOOK at that bicycle," exclaimed the woman as she identified it in the cloak-room, and saw that it had been knocked about badly.

"Yes'm, I've been looking at it," was the humble reply of the official.

"It's all smashed to pieces."

"Yes'm."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?"

"I'll report it to the foreman, ma'am, and he'll report it to the stationmaster, and the stationmaster to the general manager, and the general manager to the board of directors, and some day, three or four years hence, a lawyer will call on you and want to know why you didn't travel with your bicycle in a properly made case. That's our routine, ma'am, and we never deviate—not even when the guards forget to leave us a piece of the machine."

CLARA: "Pa, that nice young fellow, Mr. Reed, is awfully fond of kissing."

Papa: "How do you know that, you good-for-nothing girl?"

Clara: "I had it from his own lips, pa."

FIDGET: "Really, now, do you think there is any way whereby a man can retain the respect of his children?"

Midget: "He might send them away from home as soon as they began to take notice."

WHERE THE BONE WAS.

"DAD, can you answer a question now, or are you too busy?" asked the seven-year-old heir. "You told me always to ask you about anything I didn't know."

"Quite right, my son!" said the fond parent. "I wish you to grow up a wise and observant man. Never be afraid of showing your ignorance, and your store of knowledge will steadily increase. What is it this time?"

"The other day I heard someone talk about the bone of contention, dad, and I should like you to tell me which part of the body it is in. Which bone is it?"

"Henry, my son," said his father, solemnly—after casting a glance round to see if mother was in the way—"the bone of contention is the jaw-bone of a woman. Always be careful of it, Henry."

And Henry promised he would.

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GOLDEN MEMORIES.

A Song of Sweet Remembrance.

I remember the day I met you,
The smile that was on your face,
The light in your dear eyes shining,
That hour of gladness and grace;
The flowers that were strewn around us,
The skies that were blue above,
I remember how, all unasked for,
I gave you my heart, my love.

I remember them all this moment,
Though now they are past and dead,
But better than all I remember
The words later on you said;
They are treasured, cherished, recorded,
In my heart of hearts to-day,
For they are the golden memories
That time cannot take away!

LADY: "Have you lost yourself, little boy?"

Little Boy: "No—boo-hoo—I've found a street I don't know!"

"PA, what is a scheme?"

"I can't define it, my son; but it is something which will fall through quicker than anything else on earth."

"AIN'T that a lovely critter, John?" said James, as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage at the Zoo.

"Well, yes," said John, "but he's dreadfully freckled, ain't he?"

WORSE IN THE COUNTRY.

TOMMY had been a town mouse all his little life up to the present year, but work had been plentiful with dad, and he was discussing with his wife the desirability of sending Tommy for a week into the country. Tommy listened thoughtfully, and at length broke in:

"I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I've heard they have thrashing machines in the country, and it's bad enough here in town when it's done by hand."

HE KNEW THE CAUSE.

SOME learned geological professors once paid a visit to Kingston, in East Lothian, and were examining some rocks there which slope down to the public road, when a ploughman passed.

The rustic overheard the professors' remarks about the striking indication these standing rocks afforded of the motion of the glaciers, and he stopped short.

"The confoondit idiots!" he exclaimed. "Gin they'd had to pay for as mony breeks as I've done, they wad ken better what made the rocks glazed!"

His boys were in the habit of sliding in a sitting posture down the rocks!

"THERE'S one thing that I can say about my daughter," said Mrs. Hawkins. "She has a fine disposition."

"Have you known her to meet any severe tests?"

"Yes, the way she can sit down and listen to herself playing the piano shows that she must have extraordinary patience."

MODEL HUSBAND (boastfully): "Yes, gentlemen, I've been married ten years, and never spent a night away from home yet."

Doubting Thomas: "Large and interesting family—eh?"

"Only three of us."

"Have one child—eh?"

"No; the other is my wife's mother."

REALLY HONEST.

"YES," said the honest farmer, "I know there are people what always puts the big apples at the top of the barrel, but I don't."

"That's right," exclaimed his honest friend, admiringly. "I have always tried to convince folks that that sort o' thing doesn't pay in the long run."

"Ah," exclaimed the farmer, "if they'd go to the city once in a while they'd learn something. I always put my big apples at the bottom of the barrel."

"That's the way?"

"Yes, you see, people have got so suspicious that they almost always open the barrel at the bottom nowadays."

AUNT (ending an exciting story): "And when she had said this the bad fairy disappeared in a cloud of smoke and flame——"

Niece (eagerly): "I know, auntie—in a motor car!"

BARBS: "I told hubby I was going to give him something of my own cooking, and he said I'd better try it on a dog first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?"

Bosom Friend: "Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs!"

AN UNFAILING TEST.

"I'VE just learnt a new charm to tell whether or not a man loves you," said the girl with golden hair.

"What is it?" asked the girl with the new diamond ring.

"Why, you take four or five apples seeds and name each of them for a particular man, and place them—the apple seeds, I mean—on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"Humph!" mused the girl with the new diamond ring, absent-mindedly twisting that piece of jewellery about her finger. "I know a surer way than that."

"You do?"

"Yes, indeed. You take one particular man and place him on the sofa in the drawing-room, and sit close to him, with the light a little low, and look up to him very attentively, and if he doesn't pop you know it's time to put another man on the sofa."

"You have not kissed me," she pouted, "for fifteen minutes."

"I know it," he said. "I have a very sensitive tooth, which is liable to ache if I do."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, you are so sweet, you know!"

MISS MEANWELL (complaisantly): "Ah, Mrs. Goldbags, no one could mistake who the mother of these handsome children is. You ought to be proud of them, for they inherit all their mother's beauty and grace."

Mrs. Goldbags: "So I am told; but, you know, I never met my husband's first wife."

RAILWAYS MAKE BAD TEETH.

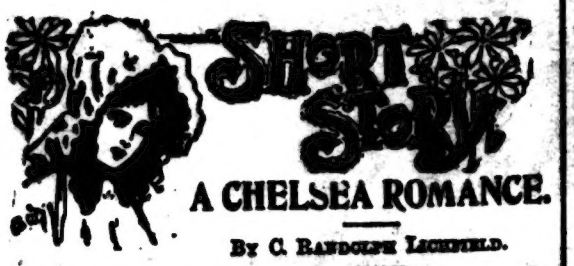
OUR railways are loaded, rightly and wrongly, with the responsibility for many evils and drawbacks, but to say that they are the cause of bad teeth seems to be pushing matters a trifle too far. Yet this is the statement made long ago by Carlyle and indorsed to-day by an eminent soldier in a paper on recruiting.

Railways have had the effect of taking milk away from the rural districts and carrying it to towns, with the result that country-bred children do not get so much of it as they ought to have. A lack of milk in childhood leads to defective teeth in adults, for a liberal milk diet is required to make good teeth. It is largely from country districts, or from the poorer town centres where milk is not in great request, that the majority of our recruits are obtained.

Out of every five men who present themselves to the recruiting officer, only two can be trained as efficient soldiers, the chief causes of rejection being bad teeth and flat feet.

Thus it would appear that the railways are to be saddled with a considerable share of the responsibility for the smallness of our Army, as well as of bad teeth.

Turn on to page 735—a powerful new serial starts there.



A CHELSEA ROMANCE.

By C. RANDOLPH LICHFIELD.

ROBERT LESSING grew to look forward to Wednesday evenings, and used to make his usual way homeward through Battersea Park at a very leisurely pace on those occasions. For he did not know by what road the young woman reached the park, and he feared to miss her if he passed beyond the boundaries.

It was queer how he had accustomed himself to regarding the mere passing of this unknown young woman, and the half-covert look of semi-recognition she generally turned on him as an event which divided up his weeks much more effectively than did Sunday's rest. Perhaps it was due to his somewhat lonely position in the mighty town, and because, being comparatively fresh from the country, he had been unable to broaden his views sufficiently so as to fit in with such pleasures as London life affords to a humble unknown.

However it came about, it was, and we need hardly concern ourselves with anything beyond the fact that, without imagining he had taken a fancy to the young woman, he helped the boy at Buxton's Grocery Stores in Chelsea to throw up the shop-shutters on Wednesday when Buxton's closed at six, with an energy he displayed on no other day in the week when similarly employed.

Thus, on the fourth evening of each week, young Mr. Lessing, quiet, neatly-dressed, and good-looking, was wont to walk through Battersea Park on his way to the house where he lodged, the home of his maternal uncle, Mr. Cox, a sergeant of police, and on each such occasion he passed the girl, going he knew not whither. He knew no more about her than his eyes had told him, and that was much too little to satisfy the interest he felt in her.

She was handsome, perhaps three-and-twenty; small, and dainty, and dark. She always passed him at a fairly quick pace, and seemed to imply by her look and manner that she would have deeply resented being addressed by a stranger. She had a thoughtful air, and appeared not quite to like her thoughts.

Lessing had formed many theories to explain the young woman's regular presence in the park on Wednesday evenings and, having thrashed and sifted them, he found himself left with the conclusion that she was in superior domestic service, and Wednesday evening was her time for going out.

One evening in summer, when he had known the girl by sight ten weeks, a spirit of boldness entered him, and, as he changed his apron for his jacket, he resolved to see what he might learn by following the object of his interest, without allowing her a slight suspicion of the fact.

Therefore he shadowed her. She kept him walking round the park the better part of an hour; she met no one, spoke to no one; when she sat down upon an empty seat he dropped into another only near enough for him to be able to watch her. He gathered from her nervous manner and the restless little habits she betrayed that her mind was possessed by thoughts that harassed her.

Later she led him from the park. She climbed upon an omnibus that waited its scheduled time for starting outside a public-house. Lessing crept inside. The wait was a long one, and he could hear the nervous tapping of her foot above him as time drew out.

He kept a watch upon the steps all the way to the City. But even then, at the journey's end, she did not descend. Nor did he alight.

"Someone upstairs, haven't you? Perhaps she doesn't know you turn back here," he said, as casually as he could, to the conductor.

"Goin' back," laconically replied the man. He checked his packets of tickets, and waxed more informative. "We orfen carry 'er We'nesd'ys; rides out, rides 'ome—Battersea. Fresh air an' a bit friendliness, s'pose. Nice wench, too, only I'm a married man. You goin' back?"

"Yes." He went back, and shadowed the young woman into the park again. She spent half an hour walking and sitting, then led him over the river, and suddenly, quite unexpectedly, as a neighbouring church-clock struck ten, she disappeared down the area steps of a big house on the Chelsea Embankment.

Lessing felt a keen sense of disappointment as she slipped from his view, it was such a tame end to such an interesting evening. He went close up to the house to see its number, so he might learn in whose employ the woman was; and something soft gave under his foot. It was a brown kid-glove, a woman's, such as he had noticed on her hand. He picked it up, and stood thinking a full minute. He sighed, absently pulled the glove's fingers straight, doubled in the thumb, rolled the whole up, kissed the roll, and put it in his pocket.

Then he turned and went slowly home.

Next day he learnt two things that interested him; one from a Post-office Directory and the other from Mr. Buxton, his employer.

The first was that the occupier of the house down the area steps of which she had disappeared was Sir William Rigge, who, an annual of brief biographies (consulted at the Chelsea Library) said, was the senior partner in the firm of Rigge, Hook, and Gamon, bankers, a man of wealth, with three country seats and a villa at Cannes.

The second thing was far more interesting, though it added to the interest he felt in the first; Mr. Buxton had informed him that he, the worthy grocer, would shortly open a branch shop in Battersea, and Lessing would be manager at forty shillings a week, a small commission on the turnover, and rooms above the shop rent free.

No house was big enough to allow Lessing's chest to swell to full extent that evening, so after supper he hied him into Battersea Park. He was filled with a deep desire to let her know of his advancement, and wondered how he could just break the ice when he saw her on the following Wednesday evening.

Forty shillings a week, a share in the profits, and rooms rent-free—why, it was positive affluence! A man might—yes, a man might marry on such a wage, and do well if the right sort of woman were forthcoming. How could he break the ice? The glove? Why, surely, yes, the glove! Forty shillings a week, a big commission, and house rent-free.

He took the glove from his pocket, and sinking upon a seat a little distance from a lamp, which glimmered in the half-light of dying day, he undid the soft, white paper he had wrapped it in, and toyed tenderly, thoughtfully with it.

Two figures passed him. He saw them, like shadows, over his shoulder, a man and a woman. The man was nearer to him, tall, broad, deep-chested, with a hard, cold face, that might have been cut out of grey stone. Lessing only saw the man's face for an instant, but it struck him as being of such an uncommon type that he stared after the man, without thinking of the woman. As the couple passed beyond the lamp, however, Lessing looked at the woman, started, and a damp kind of thrill ran through him. He thought he recognised her, that she trembled under the man's words; he was sure she was crying.

They stopped a little distance beyond a bush, and Lessing, moved by an impulse he did not try to understand, rose and softly approached the bush. With aching eyes he tried to see the woman's face between the leaves.

"I must go, Dick; I must indeed." She turned as she uttered the words in a voice full of misery, and Lessing saw her face. It was she!

"Yes, yes; I know," the man returned in a hard, eager tone. "You mustn't lose the place yet—not yet, my girl. You must get me that. You understand? It's easy enough for you."

"I can't, Dick! I won't! I daren't! But I *must* get back.'

"Don't be a fool, Alice; you can manage it comfortably—' comfortably. Go now, and hurry, but don't—fail me." There was no mistaking the threat implied by his manner. He turned sharply, and strode rapidly away, leaving her standing dumbly looking after him.

"I beg your pardon," said Lessing, stepping round the bush and facing her, "has that fellow been annoying you? Can I help you?"

She looked into his flashing eyes, started, recognised him, and her arms shot out to him impetuously, and an expression of relief and pleasure lit up her face. She checked herself the next instant, and drew back.

"Oh, no, thank you," she said, trying to smile. "It is nothing—nothing. My cousin—and he's cross with me. I hope you did not hear the hard things he said?" she added quickly, anxiously.

"I saw that you were crying," he answered promptly, "and I wanted an excuse to offer you this glove. I think it must belong to you."

"Thank you. I think it does." She held out a trembling hand and took it.

"I picked it up—er—the other night—Wednesday, that is," he stammered. "I thought it must belong to you. I suppose I mustn't offer to see you safely——"

"Oh, no!" she cried.

He sadly watched her hurry away, till the darkness closed round her and shut her from his view.

Somehow forty shillings a week seemed to dwindle in importance and power as he stood staring after her. It was but a trifle more than five shillings a day. The commission on the turnover was very problematical, too, and the rooms above the shop would require furnishing.

That night there happened to Lessing one of those strange coincidences which change the destinies of men.

Between thinking over the sudden advancing step he was to take in his career, by becoming a shop-manager, and worrying about the girl named Alice and whether he had any right to claim acquaintance with her when next they might meet, Lessing could not sleep. For an hour he tossed impatiently from side to side in his narrow bed, in his mind's eye dressing windows, furnishing his rooms on the hire-purchase system, courting; getting married, pushing trade, building up a huge business, and buying a partnership with his savings—dreaming dreaming, dreaming, but without sleep.

At length he lit his candle, got out of bed to search for something to read. There was not a book or newspaper in the room. He took his candle and stole quietly downstairs. On the kitchen table lay a small paper, which he took back with him. With a candle on the chair beside him, he settled himself in bed and opened the paper. He opened it right upon the portrait of a man—the man he had that very evening seen in her company. He looked at the name of the paper for the first time; is was THE HUE AND CRY, the official police organ.

Under the portrait was the name "Richard John Texton, *alias* John Hill," and below that ran the words: "Wanted, by the State of New York, for robbery and attempted murder; by the Leeds police for burglary. The State of New York offer a reward of $400 for information that shall lead to his arrest.

"Broke out of his cell in a New York police-depot on February 9th ultimo; supposed to have found his way to England and to have relatives in London.

"The Commissioners of Police should be communicated with immediately his arrest is effected."

Lessing flung down the blankets, and sprang out of bed. Did she know the character of her cousin? What was it he had demanded she should obtain for him? Did he mean to make a catspaw of her, or was he merely bullying her for money? Why—why had he insisted she must not lose her situation? There was something wrong, very gravely wrong in the affair, Lessing felt; and it seemed to him that she stood to be involved in a crime and compromised by a man who was obviously a scoundrel; her situation in the service of a wealthy family and the man's record were ominously significant.

Lessing looked at his nickel watch; it wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight. Too late to do anything in the matter, even if he had known what was to be done.

He was just getting back into bed again, when he heard the catch of the front door click. A moment later his uncle put his head into the room and nodded to him.

"Saw a light under your door," said Sergeant Cox, "and just looked in to see that all was right. Lor', boy, how pale you are! Feelin' ill?"

"Oh, no; can't sleep; that's all," muttered Lessing, dispiritedly. "You're late."

"Aye, and with reason," replied the sergeant, his genial face beaming. He entered the room and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Me and a mate have just made a rare cop. I've had my eyes open for the man some days, and spotted him this very evening in the park. A reg'lar wrong 'un, he is; bad as they're made. I saw him talking to a young woman." Lessing started. "'Hello!' says I, 'I've seen that wench somewhere.' Slowly it dawned on me that she was one of the maids at Sir William Rigge's, over on the 'Bankment. Two and two being four, I thought I might net a gang instead of arresting him right off.

"So when the couple parted, I followed after my man until somehow he gave me the slip. 'All right,' thought I, 'there's two ends to every thread.' Off I went to Sir William's. It was past ten, then, and the house was shut up. I went down the area, and hid myself in the coal house; for I had an idea the man would come and the woman would let him in, Sir William being about as rich a crib as any man could want.

"Half an hour went, an hour, I could almost have told how late it was getting by the way the traffic ever my head decreased. I was getting a bit sick of my situation when I heard a man a trifle game-legged walk past the house. I had noticed my man was that, though the official reports don't mention it. He went right past, then came back again, walking more quietly. He paused, stopped, and I heard him standing at the area steps; he was oiling the gate so it wouldn't creak. Then he stole down. I saw his outline dimly as he stopped and ran his hand along the low step before the area door. Clearly he expected to find something that wasn't there.

"'Curse her,' he muttered, between his teeth; 'the Manchester trick.'

"He hunted over the whole area in vain, then tried the door. All the time he was mumbling and swearing fit to set the place on fire, and the names he called the woman were something awful. 'I'll break her neck for her, for this,' he growled a dozen times at least. He tried the kitchen window, but it was no go. At the same time I saw a faint light flickering behind the frosted glass panes of the door. He saw it, too, and putting his ugly mouth to the keyhole whisperingly asked if it was Alice there. I couldn't hear the answer, but guessed it was 'Yes,' for he whispered hoarsely. 'Where is it? I can't find it.'

"'You blithering idiot,' he gasped, after a pause. 'You shall pay for this as true as you're a woman. I'll swing for you! You played me a trick like this in Manchester and forced me to leave the country. But for you, you jade, I should have been a rich man now.'

"I sprang upon him at that point, but he was not an easy chap to tackle. However, I'd got him fairly when I heard the area-door open, and the woman flung her arms round my neck and tried to drag me off.

"'Go, Dick, go,' she moaned, pulling at me with all her might.

"He broke from my arms and bounded up the steps. I turned upon the woman, and in my rage I shook her. 'I'll arrest you as his accomplice,' I said bitterly.

"'I'm not, I'm not,' she sobbed. 'I never helped him in my life, but he's my husband, and I couldn't let you take him so!'

"At that my senses came back to me, up the steps I went like winking, and after him, just in time to see him turn the corner. Round I went after him, bang into him and P.C. Cadish who had nabbed him like a trap.

"Sir William wouldn't hear of the woman being charged; she'd been as loyal to him, he said, as to her husband, and might easily have enabled him to get Lady Riggs's jewel-case, which he expected, of course.

"It's a good stroke for me," the sergeant concluded, "for there's a hundred pounds' reward out for Dick Texton."

He looked at Lessing as if expecting some remarks. "You do look bad, my lad. Have a pill?"

He fetched a pill-box from his own room and offered it to the young man.

"Take a couple," he said kindly. "You'll be better in the morning. Good-night."

Lessing did not stir. He stared blankly at the wall opposite him.

The candle burnt down—burnt out. The streaks of dawn crept into the sky, and broadened into day. And as the darkness disappeared Lessing sunk into sleep.

* * * * *

While Lessing was lying staring at the wall of his room, Dick Texton, in a cell, was tying up the end of a useless existence with a bootlace.

When the police went to his cell they found him on the floor. He was not quite dead, but too far gone to live for more than a few minutes.

Lessing was cutting a cheese when a newsvendor went bawling by the shop door. Lessing looked dully at the lad's display bill:

"Accused Man's Suicide in a Police Cell," it read.

Was there but one accused man in the land that Lessing should have bounded to the door and brought a paper? But he was right; the man was Texton.

Lessing folded the paper, put it in his pocket, and returned to the cheese. A few minutes later, however, he went to Mr. Buxton's desk and asked if he could be spared for half an hour. Leave having been obtained, he set out for Chelsea Embankment.

In front of Sir William Rigge's house, a four-wheeled cab, having a box on top, was standing, and Alice, with her chin on her bosom, was slowly coming up the area steps.

Lessing spoke to her. Serious-eyed they looked into each other's face. Sadly and gravely the happy truth made itself clear to them both.

* * * * *

Forty shillings a week. If any man or woman desires to know the utmost happiness such wage will buy, then he or she should call at the Battersea branch of Buxton's Stores, and interview the manager, Bob Lessing, and his wife on the subject.

"A Lesson in Pearls"—a charming comedietta by Mrs. Barry Pain—should be read by every woman.
See the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Quaint Customs which we Observe To-day.

One Norfolk Village gives Eggs and Bacon to its Clerk.

While in Yorkshire Two Farms Change Parishes.

"MY word," began Yorkshire, "I do like Easter. I begin with Palm Sunday and keep up the jollification till Easter Tuesday. On the morning of Palm Sunday my folks decorate their parlours with crosses made of palms or willows, but in the evening my young fellows and girls go out and seize the shoes of all unprotected damsels they meet, compelling them to redeem them with money. On the Monday the girls extort money from the men by the same means. I tell you, it's jolly."

"Jolly!" sniffed Herefordshire. "It's disgraceful. Now, you can't say that of the custom I observe. In my Hentland Church on this day the minister and congregation receive from the churchwardens a cake or bun, which they eat within the church. This implies a desire on the part of those who partake of it to forgive and forget all animosities. In former times a cup of beer accompanied the bun."

"That's not nearly so extraordinary as my church custom, remarked Lincolnshire. "Every Palm Sunday a man from Broughton carries a whip into my parish church of Caistor, and, while the minister is reading the first lesson, he cracks it three times in the porch, after which he folds up the whip

and retires to a seat.

"At the commencement of the second lesson he approaches the minister, and kneeling opposite to him with the whip in his hand, and a purse containing thirty pieces of silver at the end of it, he waves it thrice, and continues in a steadfast position till the end of the chapter. This is connected with a tenure of property."

Northamptonshire, Hertfordshire and Oxfordshire declared that they always eat figs on the Sunday before Easter Day.

"And," went on Oxfordshire, "the custom many of my youngsters observe at the breaking up of their country schools is also very interesting. Going from house to house in groups of a dozen or so, and beating pieces of wood together, they sing this little rhyme:

"Herrings, herrings, white and red,
Ten a penny, Lent's dead;
Rise, dame, and give an egg,
Or else a piece of bacon.
One for Peter, two for Paul,
Three for Jack a Lent's all.
Away, Lent, away!

"From every house they expect eggs, or a piece of bacon, which they carry away in their baskets, to eat at the week-end."

"Generosity is my keynote at this time of the year," said Middlesex. "The churchwardens of my parish of St. Leonards, in Eastcheap, London, were, in 1491, left an annual sum of five shillings to provide an entertainment among those persons in the parish who were at variance with each other.

"That's not all," continued Middlesex. "Exactly two hundred years later a Mr. John Hall left ten shillings a year to the churchwardens of St. Clements of the same district, to provide two turkeys for the parishioners, to be eaten on the day before Good Friday at a reconciling or love feast. Then, again, there's the King's Maundy money, which is presented to old men and women in Westminster Abbey. That's

quite a grand show.

"This year sixty-three old men and sixty-three old women, 'as many as the King has years,' will receive a certain sum in two little leather bags—in the red one will be a sovereign, and in the white one the little silver pennies, twopences, threepences, fourpences, and sixpences, specially coined for the occasion."

"My custom of dressing the wells," said Derbyshire, "is even older than Middlesex's Maundy money. This time last year we had a grand show. In my streets of Wirksworth, dozens and dozens of shrines were erected and decorated with mosses, flowers and grasses, and very pretty they looked, too.

"Little boys and girls sprang out from behind their shrines to rattle their mugs, and to ask the passer-by for a copper for the well dresser; but grown-ups, by the side of their larger and well-designed shrines, had set down white china bowls on white tablecloths for the same purpose. Prizes, of from £7 to £4, were offered last year for the four best shrines."

"Bah!" cried Lancashire. "There's little fun in that compared with what many of my lads and lasses get up to on Good Friday. If they catch a fellow out for a walk with his lady-love they follow him home with their band, the instruments consisting of pokers, pan-lids, and tongs—till the lovers give them money to drink with."

"Down our way," remarked Dorsetshire, "the clerks of many of my parishes carry round to every house a few white cakes as an Easter offering. In return the clerks receive a gratuity according to the generosity of the householder."

"Generosity," observed Bedfordshire, rubbing his eyes, "that's what I'm noted for on Good Friday. The great tithes of my Eaton Bray are vested in the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, who annually provide one quarter of wheat, one quarter of barley, and one quarter of beans, which are distributed by the churchwardens among the poor in the neighbourhood."

"Call that generosity," sniffed Berkshire. "You should come to my county. Every Good Friday the heirs of a certain John Blagrave pay £10 in a brand-new leather purse to my mayor and burgesses of Swallowfield, who decide which poor maiden servant out of the three chosen shall receive twenty nobles (£6 13s. 4d.) for her preferment in marriage.

"She must, however, have served her master and mistress well for five years, and have resided during that time in one of the three parishes of Reading. Ten shillings were also left by the old philanthropist for the preacher of a sermon, twenty shillings to threescore of the poorest householders, who should accompany the maidservant back to her dwelling place, and three shillings and fourpence to the person who rings a peal during the time

the maid is going home."

"The boys of my county," said Cumberland, "and also of that of my neighbour, Westmoreland, have a curious custom on Easter Eve. They go to the various houses and ask for eggs, which, after boiling hard, they tinge with the juice of herbs and broom-flowers. They then play with them as they do with balls, throwing them into the air or bowling them along the ground.

"And it's eggs, too," pursued Cumberland, "which are the chief feature of my celebrations on the Sunday. My folks dye their eggs all kinds of colours, and, after having inscribed upon them a message of goodwill, dispatch them to their friends."

"That's not half so interesting as my custom of giving Biddenden cakes," said Kent. "On the afternoon of every Easter Day, six hundred cakes, two hundred and seventy loaves of 3½lb. each, together with 1½lb. of cheese, for every person, are given to those who attend Divine service or are parishioners.

"The money is provided by a very old endowment of twenty acres, known as the Bread and Cheese lands. On each of the cakes is impressed the figures of two maidens, who made the bequest, and who were not only twins, but

were joined together bodily."

"Now, in my county," broke in Derbyshire, "we go in for sugar-cupping. My young people assemble at the dripping-tor, near Tideswell, each provided with a cup and a small portion of sugar or honey, and, having caught the required quantity of water and mixed the sugar with it, drink it, repeating all the time an old rhyme. Besides, if they don't put on some new article of clothing on Easter Day, my folks believe they'll have no luck for a year."

"My word!" ejaculated Yorkshire. "But what do you think two of my farms get up to every Easter Day? They actually change parishes. They are in the township of Swinton, and belong to Earl Fitzwilliam, but from twelve mid-day on Easter Day for a complete year they lie in the parish of Mexborough till the following Easter Day, when they are in the parish of Wath-upon-Dearne."

"Don't come to my village of Rollesby, near Yarmouth, on Easter Monday," observed Norfolk, "unless you've plenty of eggs and bacon on that day. The parish clerk exacts such a toll from every inhabitant.

"He will, however, let you off in cash if you cannot pay in kind."

"I don't hold with it," remarked Bucks. "My method is much the better. The poor in my parish of Ellesborough receive, or used to, a 4lb. loaf each, through the annual gift of forty-nine bushels of wheat by a certain Lady Bridgewater."

EVERYONE CAN ENTER.

A PRIZE of a Splendid Billiard Table (measuring 4ft. 10in. by 2ft. 8½in.) together with cues, balls, marking-board, and spirit level, will be given to the competitor from whom is received what the Editor considers to be the best four-lined verse (each line to consist of not more than two words) on the war in the Far East.

For example:

Japs shoot, *Without Korea,*
Russians fall— *After all.*

To each of the senders of the next best twenty-five verses, a Stamp Camera, with which nine photographs the size of a stamp can be taken with only one exposure, will be awarded.

All attempts must be written on post-cards (picture ones preferred) addressed to THE WAR EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and posted so as to arrive not later than by first post on Tuesday, April 12th. In all cases the Editor's decision is final, and competitors must enter only on that understanding.

HOW THE EDITOR ANSWERS QUESTIONS.

A Little Confidential Chat by the Sub-Editor.

EVERY week two or three inquisitive readers put to the Editor the following question: "How do you contrive to answer almost any question on the last page?"

Some suggest that his answers are concocted by means of a library of reference books on every subject, others think that he has a legion of inquirers whom he sends broadcast over the town, while a third section think he is a kind of freak possessed of prodigious knowledge, by which he can rattle off an answer to any question at a second's notice.

The Editor usually receives those letters with a sphinx-like smile, and puts them aside. Now, however, so many of them have accumulated that he finds that he must take some notice of them. But it would be against his dignity to discuss his methods himself, so he has handed them over to me, with the instruction that I may discreetly answer them on his behalf.

A stack of letters is brought to him by his secretary, and, firstly, he weeds out the interesting letters from the others. I know what the *others* are by a glance at the contents of the waste-paper basket. They are patriarchal riddles, inquiries about the dates of forgotten events nobody cares two straws about, or about the origins of ancient customs (dull subjects, indeed).

Then there is, of course, the man who has a pet solution of perpetual motion, the man who wants to edit *P.W.*, the man who wants to know something which he could find in any dictionary, directory, or almanac.

There is the man with a problem of mental arithmetic (the Editor doesn't like him), and the man who wants to know something which was answered only the previous week. Then we come to the questions selected for answering. To get an idea of the Editor's methods, I will describe to you a little glance through the keyhole of his door on answering day.

And a strange sight it is, too! He is, perhaps, exploding with laughter. Why? Well, probably it is his dear old friend CONSTANT READER again, with his latest joke, conscious or unconscious.

Then, as he picks up the next letter, his face becomes sad. He puts his handkerchief to his eyes for a second. We can guess what this is. It is the correspondent who has suffered some awful misfortune and is asking the Editor's advice.

Next, he turns furiously to his library. First, one weighty tome is pulled out, then another, and another. The leaves are turned over furiously, until at last a pleased glance in his eyes tells us that he has hit on the exact answer to MYSTIFIED.

Who *was* it that was born without a skin? Why, of course, King Louis II. of Hungary. He knew it was either that monarch or Louis I., and his history puts him right.

Then the Editor turns to his telephone. Put him on at once to Professor Donnerwetter, the great violinist. Somebody wants to know how many hours a day he must practise, and the professor is the only man to be consulted. A ring off, and another number.

Can the Editor's M.P. lunch with him to-day? BAFFLED wants to know something about procedure in the House of Commons. Another ring off, and yet another number. This time it is to ask the Clerk of the Weather something about sun spots. Those are some of the Editor's methods of answering serious questions.

But he is not always serious. Sometimes he takes great care to answer a frivolous question.

Perhaps he is tossing up halfpennies into the air. Not out of any gambling instinct, mind, but just to test a theory sent in by TEDDY, who says he has a method of making heads and tails come down exactly as you want them to.

Then, perhaps, the Editor starts furiously pacing to and fro across the room, looking at the ground. Don't be alarmed. He is only testing a theory of Q. Z. (Glasgow), who says if you walk in a certain way you can save so many inches of shoe leather per annum.

Then a look of horror comes over his face, as he opens a small parcel. Ugh! BLUEBOTTLE has sent him in an entirely new specimen of the garden slug discovered by himself the other day. The Editor rings and hands it to Mr. P. Doubleyou, whom he instructs to find it a good home.

Now he smiles, and indulges in just the slightest of possible winks. Why? Well, CONNIE wants to know the best way of making herself attractive to young men.

Then he assumes a look of magisterial severity. FREDDIE has asked his opinion of some scheme for cheating the post office or railway company out of halfpennies, and he is getting a severe rebuke.

Lastly, a look of utter benevolence, and awful wisdom. GEORGE wants to know how to win fame and fortune in the most rapid fashion, and the Editor is telling him exactly how to do it. So now you know how the Editor goes about the task of producing those harmless little paragraphs which appear weekly on the last page.

Turn on to page 725—a powerful new serial starts there.

Questions That Perplex Us

The Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" has decided that he will from time to time, as great questions arise, devote space to explaining some knotty problem, either political or social, that may happen to be the talk of the moment. He will ask some great authority on any particular subject to express his views, to explain as fully and as clearly as possible what he means and what he wishes, and will invite from the readers of "P.W." expressions of opinion for or against the principal writer—all in an honest endeavour to explain in simple language what a great movement really means.

CAN BRITAIN BE INVADED BY GERMANY?

Germany's Cunning Plans and How we can Defeat Them.

In our snug little islands, guarded by our immense and powerful Navy, we Britons have long imagined ourselves to be safe from invasion.

We possess fifty-seven battleships as against one hundred and fourteen for all the rest of the world. Taking tonnage as a comparison, Britain has 786,000 tons of battleships, as against 770,000 tons for the combined Powers of France, Russia, and Germany.

Of first and second class armoured and protected cruisers we have ninety, while all the other Powers have only one hundred and five. We have also had command of the sea for centuries. These are facts no man can deny.

Are we not a match, then, for any Power that attempts to break through our mighty chain of defence and land her invading army upon our shores? Would not our invincible Navy scatter and destroy the enemy's transports ere she could land her men?

And would not our gallant volunteers, supposing such a catastrophe as the invasion of our coasts were an actual fact, repel the invaders with crushing force? Nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand Britons believe the invasion of this country to be impracticable. The bulwark of our strength is the Navy. No foreign fleet, they say, could get past that.

But among the most eminent soldiers of Europe are some who believe that, in certain circumstances, the invasion of Great Britain from overseas is a practicable undertaking.

France has long considered it possible, and has locked away in her cupboards many schemes evolved by her strategists for the bringing about of this desirable end. Germany, too, considers it by no means impossible. Its Press has declared so again and again.

Indeed, according to a most remarkable book, "The Riddle of the Sands," for which Mr. Erskine Childers is responsible, the German Government, with most elaborate secret arrangements, has made practical provision for such an eventuality in European politics.

At the outset let it be stated that the object is not to revive any of the old panics about invasion, and still less to create prejudice against Germany. The German Government has a perfect right, even a duty, to take any steps or to lay any plans for attack or defence which it considers necessary for its own strength or safety.

It is also within its rights in keeping its plans secret, so that should they ever be put into execution they might have the force of a surprise. Yet, on the other hand, it is equally our right and duty to discover these plans if we can, to discuss them, and to counter-plan in order to effectively neutralise them.

It is a fact which cannot be refuted that Germany regards Britain's Navy with jealous eyes. It is endeavouring by every means in its power to raise its own fleet of battleships to a respectable comparison with ours.

By a special law, passed in 1900, it has provided for the construction by 1916 of thirty-eight battleships, fourteen large cruisers, and thirty-eight small cruisers, with an increase of about 39,000 officers and men to nearly 59,000, and an expenditure of over eighty-six millions sterling.

The German ideal, as expressed in this special Act, "is to have a fleet of such strength that even for the mightiest Power a war with Germany would jeopardise its own supremacy." The "mightiest Power" on the high seas is obviously Britain.

It is clear, therefore, that German naval policy is governed by the consideration of a possible conflict with Britain in the North Sea, for her struggles with France or Russia would certainly take place on land.

And we, too, have not entirely ignored the possibilities of eventualities in the North Sea, as witness the creation of our Home Fleet and the provision of a Naval base in the Firth of Forth.

How, then, might Germany set about the invasion of Britain? Her nearest point to this country is from 240 to 280 miles away, the distance between the East Frisian Islands and Norfolk. Suppose it were possible for the Germans to throw their army upon the sandbanks and dunes of Norfolk and Suffolk with well-timed, well-planned effect, what a terrible blow might be delivered against the industrial heart of the kingdom, the great Northern and Midland towns, with their teeming populations of peaceful wage-earners.

It is such a step as this that Germany, no doubt, has in contemplation. Her cunning preparations for delivering this blow will now be told.

In the first place, suppose that this country has been engaged in a naval war. And supposing that the enemy's fleet were to be defeated by our battleships, which would undoubtedly happen, our ironclads would be so crippled by a hard-won victory that many of them would be very badly damaged and in need of repairs, necessarily occupying very much time.

Until these ships were again fit for sea we should be more or less at the mercy of any Great Power, and certainly incapable of withstanding compact and unscathed forces such as Germany would possess if she had stood aside from the conflict.

The North Sea at her command, she could attempt an invasion, if arrangements had been perfected beforehand for the rapid concentration, embarkation and transport of a strong force across the few hundreds of miles between the German coast and England.

Her preparations made with perfect secrecy, with thorough organisation, and with rapid action at the critical moment, could we possibly withstand the German invaders? We might if Germany were to transport her army in great vessels, as we did in the late Boer War, and land her men by boatloads, a slow and risky process; but Germany, should it ever be necessary, may go one better than that.

Instead of liners and men-of-war, she would transport her men in big sea-going barges, towed by powerful tugs of shallow draught, the flotilla being escorted by a squadron of ironclads. Our fleet being crippled, what is there to prevent them effecting a safe landing upon our shores?

Map showing the relative positions of Britain and Germany. The East Frisian Islands are from 240 to 280 miles from Norfolk—the nearest British point.

The low-lying coasts and sandbanks of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire, especially the north side of the Wash, are ideal for such a purpose. The advance force safely landed, it would intrench itself and await the arrival of reinforcements required for the subsequent operations. Such, in outline, would undoubtedly be Germany's scheme for invading Britain.

If not, then for what earthly reason has Germany secretly developed the unproductive mainland of East Friesland?

It is sparsely populated, the ports are obscure and of little commercial value, and they are difficult of approach through channels threading the great sandbanks which lie between the mainland and the East Frisian Islands.

Yet, in this barren and unpromising region, the Germans have constructed a great network of railways, giving easy access to these small ports, and enabling large numbers of men, their equipments, and all the armaments of war, to be rapidly brought to seven different points of embarkation.

The nature of their coast demands that vessels of shallow draught should be used for transports, and, curiously enough, our nearest point to Germany, the flat-lying banks of our Eastern Counties, are of corresponding nature.

At the shortest notice an army of infantry, equipped with the lightest type of field artillery, could be brought up from any part of Germany, ready to form the advance force for an invasion of Britain.

By a simple deep-sea passage, and with the light draught flotilla of transports described, the landing ought to be rapidly effected. Once established on British soil, the German army would be difficult to resist, while the superior power of the German Fleet would secure command of the North Sea and the maintenance of communication.

There is, however, one factor upon which Germany's success very largely depends—we must be unprepared for the invasion—it must be in the nature of a surprise. Were we ready for her, our case would probably be serious, but never desperate.

How, then, can we make ready for Germany?

It is universally granted that so long as we maintain supremacy on the high seas our safety is assured. A strong, well-equipped, up-to-date Navy is absolutely necessary for our vital existence. We must be properly prepared and organised for any emergency.

If Germany has not only formulated a scheme for our invasion, but is actively engaged in making the preparations to take advantage of our weakness at any time to strike the blow, Britain must be ready to meet it.

In the elaborate scheme which Germany has evolved there is at least one great weakness. Her success depends upon catching us unawares. Then we must aim with all our force at the weak spots of her plans. We must not be caught asleep, at any cost. We must be ready with schemes equally as ingenious as those of our possible adversary.

Now, supposing we were to obtain information that Germany was about to invade our shores, and supposing we had at our command a swarm of light draught vessels, armed with light guns, what terrible destruction such a mosquito fleet might do amongst the transports of the invaders.

Even if convoyed by a powerful fleet of warships they would have little difficulty in eluding them, and of bringing disaster to the expedition. Of course, organisation and pre-arrangement are necessary if this result is to be achieved.

And it is just this organisation and pre-arrangement which every Briton should justly appreciate, and having appreciated, should demand of the Government.

We have the ships and we have the men. The vessels are our coasting and cross-Channel steamers, and arrangements could easily be made for their service and armament in wartime.

The men we have in the yachtsmen, fishermen, and other classes whose livelihood is connected with the sea and who dwell on our coasts. They know the ins and outs of our coast like a book.

Their training would be a matter of small account. They would be ready at a few hours' notice to repel invaders or to commence an attack. They would be just the strong, reliable men Britain stands so greatly in need of to-day.

In short, what Britain wants, and wants urgently, is the reinforcement of our regular Navy by the services of a host of Naval Volunteers.

Were such a Naval volunteer force established and made efficient, we should be ready for one or any number of Powers. Not only could it be used in defensive operations, but in offensive as well. It would make Germany's cunning scheme impossible.

Consider what it could do against the mercantile marine using the few German ports on the North Sea.

The very sandbanks of the little known harbours of East Friesland, with their innumerable narrow channels, upon which Germany relies some day or other to strike us a sudden and secret blow, would, with a fleet of shallow draught vessels as those described, harass the enemy's transports to such an extent that their own sandbanks would be a net from which they could not extricate themselves.

To deal with an invading force at its place of embarkation or on its passage across the sea was Nelson's method when intrusted with the defence of Britain against the threatened invasion of Napoleon. Its wisdom is unquestionable.

We are a nation of islanders, our vital existence depends upon our maintaining our command of the sea, and to meet all emergencies we must have a strong Naval volunteer force. We must have it, and soon too.

HARD LUCK.

"Just my luck!" whined McGinnis. "I faked up a good excuse to the boss about my sister going to be married next Monday, and he let me off with alacrity."

"Don't see any hard luck about that," said Calidoolan.

"You don't? Come to think of it, next Monday is Bank Holiday, and I'd be off anyhow!"

"You said me that horse as free from faults. Why, it's blind."

"Blind? Well, that's not a fault—that's a cruel misfortune."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Why do you weep?"

Schoolboy: "Another great man is dead—boo—hoo—hoo!"

"Did you know him?"

"N-o, but for the next three weeks we'll have to study ourselves blind to answer the teacher's questions about him."

How would you like to travel at two miles a minute? Read the account of a train that can actually do so in the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

THIS POWERFUL NEW SERIAL ROMANCE STARTS BELOW.

LEAVES IN THE WIND.

By SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE,

Author of "The Hazard of the Die," "Lady Margaret and His Majesty," etc., etc., etc.

"Like the Race of Leaves
The Race of Man is."—*Homer.*

CHAPTER ONE.

Two Bunches of Lilies.

THE room was filled with melody, passionate, stirring, yet of an infinite melancholy; the eyes of the man who listened were dimmed with sudden tears, but upon the face of the woman who was playing there was an almost divine content. Her bow caressed the violin strings, her instrument was to her a living, sentient thing.

"Don't play any more, Beatrice—I want to talk to you. What's the name of that piece?"

"It's an old thing, 'Beethoven's Adieu.' Do you like it?" Beatrice asked, as she laid her violin in its case with lingering tenderness. "I love it."

"It's wonderful when you play it, but I think I like something cheerful to-night. I want all my courage, Beatrice, at this moment. Do you know why?"

"I can't possibly guess," answered the girl lightly. "What terrible task lies before you?"

Beatrice Hamilton had seemed some inspired creature, scarce of this earth, when she was drawing those perfect notes from her Amati; now that she stood beside the window, looking at her companion with frank, smiling gaze, she was merely a very beautiful specimen of British womanhood, tall, upright, with that serene fairness that is the peculiar property of our Isles.

The man was vigorous, sturdily-built; they seemed, so one would have said, made for each other. It was a love story that ought, by all rules, to run smoothly from the opening chapter to the last word.

"Come, Ingram," said Miss Hamilton after a slight pause, "I want you to tell me why you need courage at this moment so especially. Have you broken mother's Chelsea china in the old cabinet over there in your hunt for my music, or did you lose Tote when you took him out this afternoon? I assure you that in either case you will indeed require courage, mother's affection being equally divided between her china and her poodle."

"It's neither a lost dog nor smashed china that is concerning me at the present moment," said Ingram; he had risen and crossed over to Beatrice. "It's something far, far more important—it's *you!*"

"*Me!*" Beatrice's straight brows arched themselves in exaggerated surprise. "My dear man, I fail to understand you. By the way, oughtn't I to have said 'I' instead of 'me'? How I do hate grammar! It was always the bane of my life, especially with papa, who has a fit if I say '*under* the circumstances' instead of 'in,' or 'if there is' instead of 'if there be.' Don't you become pedantic, Ingram, or I shall hate you."

"I'd rather never use a correct expression than run the risk of such a thing," said Ingram boldly. "Come, darling, you know what I want to say to you—you know why I came to this old schoolroom, where we used to have such ripping times—and you've been teasing me unmercifully by playing to me when—when I wanted to talk to you. Beatrice, we've always been friends from the time we were kids together (I beg your pardon, I forgot you hated that word), but I—I've not been your friend for some time—I mean, I've not felt like it——"

"Oh, *how* unkind of you," exclaimed Beatrice reproachfully, "and I thought you were one of the few men who wouldn't change, who would be faithful. I *am* hurt with you. But there, I suppose your immaculate stepmother has pointed out my manifold imperfections to you, hasn't she? And, naturally, like everyone else, you have come round to her way of thinking."

"I don't like to hear you talk like that, Beatrice," said Ingram gravely; "it sounds as though you did not care for Katherine. Yet I can scarcely believe that; she is so good, so sweet—I don't think anyone could dislike her if they tried, and——"

"Let us consider the catalogue of Mrs. Chester's virtues repeated," said Beatrice defiantly. "I really hear so much about them that I know them by heart. There, now you look shocked! It's an extraordinary thing that people always say they like frankness, and then, when they get it (about people they are fond of) they are not pleased."

"I really don't think that's so very extraordinary," said Ingram, smiling at her petulance. "I don't want to talk about Katherine, but about you, Beatrice. Will you listen whilst I tell you something?"

She raised her steel-grey eyes, set in their framing of black lashes, with sudden coquetry to his.

"I'll listen, if it's not too long or wearisome," she made answer; but her glance fell, and rested on the lilies of the valley in Ingram's coat. "Give me those," she added hastily; "I'll wear them to-night."

"You shall have them," he said, "when you've heard what I have to say. Beatrice, I'm awfully fond of you, I've loved you all my life; could you think of—of ever liking me sufficiently so that you could bring yourself to marry me?"

The only daughter of the Dean of Wilbury, handsome, clever, and gifted with that nameless fascination that is often denied to faultless beauty, had had her full share of proposals during the three years that she had been "out," but never in all her experience had a man laid himself at her feet with such quaint humility. The big, grey eyes were wet, but the mobile lips were parted in a smile as Beatrice looked up into her lover's anxious face.

"You want to know if I could ever learn to like you sufficiently to marry you?" she repeated gravely. "No, Ingram, I'm afraid that's quite impossible. I'm very sorry, very, very sorry, but indeed it is beyond me."

Ingram Chester turned very white. "I was afraid so," he said in a low voice. "I felt—I had no chance with all the other men you see. How could I? You won't let this spoil our being friends, Beatrice?"

He had drawn a little away from her, with averted face, so that she only saw his honest, blunt profile. With a sudden, impetuous movement, she was by his side, her long, slender hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, you dear, silly idiot!"—there was a quiver in the sweet voice—"how dull, how painfully dull you are! How can I *learn* to love you—when—when I love you already from the bottom of my heart. Oh—oh, do, *do* be careful of those lilies; remember, I want to wear them at dinner to-night."

For he had taken her to his heart, and all the rush of gladness that filled his soul found expression in the bliss of that first kiss. Time existed not for the lovers until the sound of a bell recalled them to things terrestrial.

"The dressing bell," exclaimed Beatrice with a start, drawing back from her lover's would-be retaining arm. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I'd no idea whether it was late or early," answered Ingram recklessly, "and I cared less. Beatrice, what will your father say? He'll look rather blank, won't he, when he knows that I've carried off the prize? I've got my mother's money, but it isn't much, and—and my position isn't much, either. I'm only in a private bank, where my father is one of the heads of the staff, though they do say he will be taken into partnership, but still——"

"If you were a dustman," said Beatrice with conviction, "my father would welcome you with delight, as will mother—for Mrs. Chester's sake, if not for your own. Think of the priceless advantage it will be for me to have your stepmother's example constantly before me!"

"You're never fair to Katherine," said Ingram with a troubled look, "and yet she is a saint. I can't tell you what she has been to me; I verily believe she loves me as she loves Arwyn, and, as to my father—why, he would be nothing without her. He looks to her for guidance in everything."

Miss Hamilton's white forehead puckered in a frown; she had often noticed and secretly despised the lack of backbone in her future father-in-law. His excitable, nervous temperament, so easily depressed, as easily aroused to wild spirits, was, in her eyes, contemptible. Beatrice had frequently marvelled at the strange unlikeness of father and son, Ingram seemingly the typical stolid Englishman, dear to the imaginative foreigner; Gervase Chester, a bundle of nerves and sensibilities, sensitive as a woman is popularly supposed to be, but, thank God, rarely is.

"We must go and dress now," Beatrice said, not desirous of discussing Mrs. Chester further. "Come, Ingram, or we shall be late."

"I don't believe that was the dressing bell," pleaded Ingram; "it was matins or vespers, or something or other at the Cathedral; give me a minute's grace, darling."

"My dear boy, I never heard anything so disgraceful as the way in which you confuse the services. Matins, vespers! Why, you might as well not be sure which was breakfast and which was supper. And, if you can't recognise the difference between the Cathedral chimes and the Deanery dressing bell, why you ought certainly to consult an aurist. Give me my lilies, please, if they're not hopelessly crushed, and let me go."

"Here they are"—he detached them from his coat—"I don't expect you to remember, but, just a year ago to-day, you gave me a tiny bunch of them—just a year ago, and that's why I brought this buttonhole to-day. I wondered if—if they'd bring me luck."

"You're a sentimental goose," said Beatrice with an unsteady laugh. "A year ago! Fancy remembering all that time, but perhaps it was the very meanness of the gift that impressed it on your mind."

"I have the flowers still," said Ingram happily, "and—will you keep those, Beatrice?"

He spoke with a certain diffidence, for the girl was wont to profess scorn and contempt of what she was pleased to term "romantic rubbish," but her answer equally pleased and surprised her lover.

"I shall keep the flowers," she said slowly, with an earnestness he had never before known in her, "as long as you keep my heart, and that will be—for ever."

CHAPTER TWO.

Katherine Gives a Promise.

INGRAM hurried over his toilet with all conceivable rapidity, for he wished to tell his step-mother of the great and wonderful happiness that was his; even his love for Beatrice, to be made wholly perfect, required Katherine's cognisance and sympathy. He had grown so accustomed to confide troubles and joys alike in his step-mother that the short time that must elapse before she could learn of his great fortune seemed to him terribly irksome, so eager was he for her loving approval and interest.

Like a boy, Ingram whistled as he went through the corridor leading to Mr. and Mrs. Chester's apartments. At the door of Katherine's dressing-room he paused and knocked; at first he could hear no answer, then a low, gasping voice bade him, as he thought, come in.

With the happy smile still upon his lips, he obeyed; as he crossed the threshold the smile left his face, and horror and alarm took its place.

"Katherine—what is wrong? Are you ill, or my father—what is it?"

Prone upon the couch, her face hidden in the cushions, lay Katherine Chester, shaking with convulsive sobs, that seemed as though they would rend her slender frame in two. At her stepson's voice, she started up, and, dashing her tears away, looked at him with deep dismay.

"How did you come here?" she asked. "I—I meant—I thought I had—locked the door."

"But you hadn't, and I thought you told me I might come in," answered Ingram. "Katherine, what on earth is the matter?"

"Nothing—at least, nothing that I can tell you now," said Mrs. Chester. "You must go away, my dear boy, for I am not dressed, and the Dean and Mrs. Hamilton will be horrified and never ask me here again if I forfeit my character for punctuality."

"Nonsense," said Ingram masterfully. "I'm not going to leave you whilst you are in this state, and you can't dine with your eyes as red as—as, well, I can't think of a comparison. Lie down and let me try eau de Cologne for you, or you'll have one of your headaches. Where's dad?"

"Dressing; don't—don't go to him now," exclaimed Katherine, starting up nervously. "He isn't very well to-night, and I don't want him worried."

That had been the keynote of Katherine Chester's life since her marriage, to guard and protect the man who should have protected her, but who was so much the weaker of the two. She lay still, with closed eyes, when Ingram had assured her he had no intention of disturbing his father, and she submitted gratefully to the application of eau de Cologne and water to her burning brow.

"That's so nice," she murmured; "but, my dear boy, I really must make haste and slip into a tea-gown and come down. Your father will be so—so distressed if I do not appear, and I shall have dear Mrs. Hamilton here directly fussing over me and proposing endless remedies. It's very ungrateful of me to talk like that, but I don't think I could endure her—now."

"Aren't you going to tell me what's the matter?" asked Ingram gently. "Come, Katherine, that's hardly fair, is it? I always come to you with my troubles, don't I?"

But she drew away from him, shuddering; in her deep blue eyes there was a look of fearful horror.

"Don't—don't ask me to tell you," she said hoarsely; "I can't."

"Is it anything about Arwyn?" Ingram hazarded, and at the sound of her son's name an indescribable look of anguish swept across Mrs. Chester's features.

"I can't talk of it," she said, "and yet—what is the use of silence? It will soon——"

She broke off, as though she feared what might follow.

"Leave me now, dear," she besought; "indeed, I am best alone, and I must see if I cannot come down for dinner. Please go."

Puzzled, uneasy, with an indefinite feeling that something was very wrong indeed, Ingram obeyed Katherine's urgent request, but, as he went towards the door, she called him back to her, and, when he was once more beside

Don't miss "True Tales of Monte Carlo," the new series by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, which starts in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

her couch, she slipped her arms about his neck and kissed him with great earnestness.

"You have always been a comfort to me," she whispered. "You and I were friends from the very first, when I came, as a girl of twenty, to be your mother; you'll not desert me, will you, Ingram? Whatever happens, you'll be the same?"

"What is the meaning of all this?" Ingram asked cheerfully. "Why, Katherine, I do believe that you, most sensible and well-balanced of women, are going in for hysteria, and being highly-strung, and all the rest of it. Eh, is it really so?"

"No," Mrs. Chester answered with great bitterness; "I leave all that to your father."

Then, as she saw in her stepson's expression the shock her slighting words had given him, she realised that she might have undone the work of years; that the patient placing upon a pedestal of the man, who was so little worthy of it, might, by a few hasty words, be made a useless labour.

"Please leave me," Katherine said, seized with sudden impatience, as Ingram's puzzled, hurt eyes looked into hers. "I don't know what I'm saying; I think I'm half mad."

Ingram said no more, and this time she did not call him back; she hastily twisted up her heavy masses of pale gold hair, bathed her aching eyes with cold water, and was just fastening a diamond cross about her slender throat, when her husband entered the room.

"You aren't coming down, Katherine, surely?"

She turned to him, and, for the first time in their fifteen years of married life, Gervase Chester saw scorn of himself in his wife's gaze.

"Of course, I am going to appear at dinner," she said constrainedly. "Why not? As long as we can—I would keep the world in ignorance of what must be known sooner or later."

"I see. Katherine, do you know that you are very cruel to me? Oh, of course, I deserve it, but still——"

Katherine winced; her husband was right, her great misery made her cruel; she wounded with words, and was glad to know that she inflicted pain, but, as she looked at her husband, she saw in his eyes the look of some faithful dog who is struck by the hand that had hitherto given only caresses. That look recalled Mrs. Chester to her wonted tender self. She held out her hand to Gervase.

"Forgive me," she said gently; "I was mad, I think. I did not know what I was saying. Dear, we stand or fall together; I am"—she broke into a little quivering laugh—"like Mrs. Micawber, I will never desert you."

He looked at her wonderingly; she was serene again, her own slow, tender smile once more shone upon him. Was it possible that this was the same woman who had seemed as one demented when he had whispered in her ear the awful, hideous secret that would soon be a secret no longer?

"You are wonderful," he could not help saying; "you are quite calm again."

"And it is best I should be so," she said quietly. "There is the dinner bell; let us go down, Gervase."

"One moment, Katherine; you promised me—when—when I told you, that you would stick to me—that you would never—never leave me, or betray me in any way. If"—Chester's haggard features were illumined by a sudden flash of hope—"if it should all blow over—you know there is a chance—swear that no one shall even know—that you will keep silence; swear it to me on the cross you are wearing."

"Surely," she said, with a troubled glance at him, "there is no need to swear. I have promised. Is not that sufficient?"

"Swear silence—on that cross," Gervase repeated with feverish insistence. "Katherine, for God's sake, do as I ask you!"

And, fearing lest he might work himself up into one of the hysterical paroxysms that were so fearfully distressing, Katherine raised the flashing cross to her lips, and kissed it.

"I swear to keep silence," she said simply, and a sigh of great relief came from Chester; he had feared he knew not what exhibition of Roman virtue from his wife, should his dark secret remain hidden. She might, in any case, have insisted upon his—metaphorically speaking—cutting his own throat. Now, however, she was bound to silence; she had given her promise, that promise that, in the future, was to be as a millstone about her neck—that was to darken so many lives.

Gervase drew her to his breast and kissed her with all the passionate fondness of a lover.

"My Katherine, I knew you would not fail me. Dear, what have I done to deserve such a wife? You will help me if—if——"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted hurriedly; "I'll stand by you, Gervase, but—don't let us think of ourselves. Think of Ingram and—and Arwyn."

But the man's face hardened, he drove from him the sudden pang of horror at the thought of his sons. He would not allow remorse for their ruined lives to take up an abode with him.

"I think of no one save you, Katherine," he said with a trace of sullenness. "Why should I? You are everything to me."

"We shall be very late, and Mrs. Hamilton will be very shocked at such a new departure on my part," said Katherine with a forced smile. "Come!"

To wear a smiling face whilst sick at heart with deadly fear, to listen to light laughter and conversation to which one is expected to contribute one's quota, is a trial many are called upon to bear, yet surely never did anyone face it more courageously than Katherine Chester.

As her stepson heard her pretty laugh and watched her talking to the Dean, he wondered whether she could indeed be the same woman whom he had beheld so short a while ago, lying crushed, as it seemed, by some terrible grief.

Ingram did not care to remember Katherine's face as he had seen it, all drawn and haggard and wet with fast-falling tears, neither did he like to recall her bitter words concerning his father; from the lips of a loving wife, they had sounded strangely harsh and out of place.

So he devoted himself to Beatrice, who was looking wonderfully handsome with the softened glow lent to her by new-found happiness; she wore his lilies of the valley in her white dress, and the Dean and Mrs. Hamilton looked at one another with well-pleased smiles across the cyclamens, for they were a gentle, unworldly couple, who only wished to see their daughter happy with the man of her choice, and who cared little for social aggrandisement or wealth.

Mrs. Hamilton was so well content to look at the young lovers that she did not notice how spasmodic and forced were Mr. Chester's attempts at conversation, or that, whilst he scarcely touched his food, he drank far more deeply than was his wont of the Deanery wines. Katherine, who, without seeming to do so, kept watch upon him, noticed this fact uneasily, and now and again her answers to the Dean's gentle platitudes were somewhat at random.

"I am so pleased," Dr. Hamilton said, "that you could all come on Friday. Saturday to Monday is so short, isn't it? How is Arwyn?"

"Quite well, thanks, and growing so tall"—the mother's pride drew her off for an instant from the shadow that hung over her—"I think you would hardly know him now if—ah, Mrs. Hamilton has caught my eye; I shall inflict all my tales about Arwyn on you in the drawing-room, Dean."

"I wish I could come with you," whispered Ingram to Beatrice, as he held open the door, "but I know your father is a stickler for old customs. However, I sha'n't be long."

She smiled at him for answer, and just touched the lilies at her breast. Ingram was by no means given to poetical fancies, but it seemed to him that those pure, pale flowers were the link between them, those that he cherished, brown and withered though they were, and those that drooped in sweet freshness against Beatrice's white neck.

CHAPTER THREE.

Mr. Dinwiddie Makes a Choice.

In a study that was the acme of Philistinism run rampant, a man sat and fought a tough battle with himself. The flaming new bindings of the books with which the walls were lined, the savage hues of the Brussels carpet and the supposed Orientalism of the scarlet curtains, striped in divers colours like Joseph's coat, combined a scheme of colouring that might have driven a sane man mad, but this man, who was scarcely in his senses that night, gazed with unwinking eyes at the rainbow world in which he lived.

He saw nothing wrong in it; he even appreciated the plaster casts of Minerva (with an owl larger than herself) and a bust of Plato. The latter, having a slight flaw, he had secured half price. This fact caused Mr. Dinwiddie to value the philosopher highly, and induced him to buy a copy of Pater's "Plato and Platonism," which, however, being bound in sober dark blue, gave him little gratification.

He was a large man, with a round, John Bull type of countenance, ruddy, with short side-whiskers, and keen blue eyes. His appearance being generally considered to go with a bluff, genial, hearty nature, with a slap on the back and untold hospitality for all alike, John Dinwiddie was credited with all those peculiarly British characteristics, and was constantly alluded to as a "thorough good sort," "no end of a good chap," "a genial old Johnny," by friends whose perspicacity was not a remarkable point in their character.

It is almost as useful to have the credit of virtues as to possess them; John Dinwiddie found it so, and at fifty-five was still high up in the good opinion of the world, and partner in the firm of Gowden, Mordacks, and Dinwiddie, long established, respectable bankers.

Though John's name came last, his influence was first in the firm; it was he who did the work, whilst his partners played or did the ornamental part required of business men, whose clients like to see stability evinced by splendid houses, fine horses, and be-diamonded wives.

Mr. Mordacks and Mr. Gowden were admirably suited to fulfil this part of the contract, whereas John Dinwiddie inhabited a modest house at Brixton, went into town by omnibus, and was a bachelor.

And on this especial night he had come home full of a strange exultation, mixed with a sullen fear; he was in a frame of mind that, in one less genial and good-hearted, would have been called dangerous. The man looked dangerous as he sat by the fire, gazing with an odd, unpleasant smile into the glowing coals, and seeing therein the face of a woman—a woman he had loved and lost.

"I'll do it," he said aloud, slowly raising his bullet head and looking about him. "Why not? He deserves it—and she'll suffer. Why shouldn't she? I've suffered"—the great shoulders twitched, the ruddy colour faded at the mere recollection of past torments—"she's had nothing. It isn't fair; she'll suffer, too, she'll have to beg me to be lenient—she'll be on her knees to me, perhaps, and I—I shall put it all on the other two. I shall want to save him, but I can't—the firm will prosecute, of course. What can the junior partner do? Obviously—nothing."

He laughed harshly, and, thrusting forth one square foot, stirred the fire with it impatiently; then he rose and began to pace up and down his fearful study, pondering deeply, not as those who knew him would have imagined, on the money market, but on something that has ruined more lives even than that mighty power, love—namely, love.

Love and John Dinwiddie! The connection seemed ridiculous—from the ridiculous to the sublime is but a step, as we are often assured—the hard-headed man of business could soar to lofty heights on love's wings, or—he could drag the beautiful, pure, white pinions in the dirt and mire, leaving on them a stain that could never be taken away. Mr. Dinwiddie was free to select either course, and, as he tramped up and down with monotonous regularity, he was making his choice.

The elaborate clock, carefully protected by a glass shade, ticked solemnly and noisily whilst the banker deliberated. Mr. Dinwiddie stopped before it once during his quarter-deck march.

"I'll give myself ten minutes more," he said aloud, "and then it shall be settled one way or the other."

When the ten minutes had run their course, he went to his book-shelves, took down a Bradshaw, opened it, and, running his spatulate forefinger down columns of trains, hummed softly to himself, as he produced a pencil and made a mark against some figures that denoted when there was a possibility of arriving at Wilbury on a Sunday.

"The Chesters are down there," he thought, as he closed the Bradshaw, and returned to his chair by the fire. "I wonder will he have spoken? How long is he going to delay? Is he so sure of her that he doesn't even trouble himself to put the question till he's got a rise in the firm? Is he waiting for that?

"Aha, my fine fellow, the firm will certainly reward you for your services, but not exactly as you fancy it will. I don't think you will be quite pleased with the form our recognition of your merits will take. How easy it is"—the banker, as he spoke, rose, and, going to a ponderous desk, took from a locked drawer a small cash-box—"how easy it is to keep straight in this world, and how far pleasanter than going wrong. Judging from appearances, the way of the transgressor is certainly hard."

He opened the cash-box and drew forth a letter; it had a date of six months old, and the address of a street in Soho. It was written in the cramped, but neat, hand of a man whose caligraphy has been altered by much writing of Greek, and it was a piteous appeal for help, for the sake of days when the writer's father and John Dinwiddie had been friends.

"I know I have been a hideous failure, that I have brought disgrace on all who are connected with me, that I cannot hope for sympathy, but I have been ill, very ill, and am in despair; for the love of God, Dinwiddie, send me a little money, just a little, to tide over this bad time. I came out of prison three weeks ago; I want to be honest; I swear I do; only help me. I send this appeal to you for the last time. For the sake of the memory of that father whose heart I broke, help me."

The letter was signed Elsley Avon; the banker read it again, and then returned it to the cash-box.

"I sent him money," he thought, with a slow, scornful smile, "and a few weeks later I see he has been arrested for stealing a fellow lodger's Post-office savings bank book. He's incorrigible; I suppose he'll be out again soon, and I shall have another letter in the same tone. Will he—the man I hate—ever write to me in such a style? No, confound him! I wish he would, I'd like to see him crawling to my feet, but he's not got it in him.

"I wonder why I keep Elsley's letter, only I know the fellow will come to me again with some begging prayer that I'll help him, that he wants to lead an honest life, and then I'll show him those words in black and white, and ask him what happened after he wrote to me. That ought to shut him up. Well, I'm glad I've come to a decision on that other subject—to-morrow I'll tell her all."

Then Mr. Dinwiddie mixed himself a rather stronger whisky and soda than usual, his accustomed draught before retiring, and went to bed with the peaceful feeling of a man who has made up his mind once and for all on a knotty point that had hitherto troubled him.

His appearance at Wilbury Deanery the following afternoon was hailed with genial hospitality by the Dean and Mrs. Hamilton, with indifference by Beatrice and Ingram, who, after the fashion of lovers from time immemorial, were wholly and exclusively absorbed in one another.

"Where's Chester?" Dinwiddie asked somewhat curtly, as he looked about him, "and—Mrs. Chester?"

"They are gone out for a walk," said Mrs. Hamilton. "Dear me, Mr. Dinwiddie, it's very pleasant seeing you so unexpectedly, and just at such a time. It really is remarkable."

The good lady paused, evidently desirous that Mr. Dinwiddie should inquire why this particular moment should be so peculiar; but the banker sat silent, his round eyes glued upon Mrs. Hamilton's face, and she was obliged to explain herself.

"It's so extraordinary, you see, because Beatrice and Ingram have just found out—what we all knew years ago—that they are eminently fitted for each other, and such an old friend—and Bea's godfather—must naturally take an interest in the event," said Mrs. Hamilton, beaming at the newly-affianced pair. "They've been engaged since Friday, and no one has been told yet. I was going to write to you. Really, it's most extraordinary."

"It is," Mr. Dinwiddie assented stolidly. "And—as you say—we've all known for a long time that the two were meant for each other."

Beatrice laughed, blushing the while, as she raised her frank eyes to the banker's.

"You are really discussing us most openly, with no regard for our embarrassment," she declared. "What credit you all take to yourselves for having known so long what Ingram and I found out—two days ago."

"I didn't know it very long," said Mr. Dinwiddie slowly. "A year last June, it was—when we were down here for the cricket match."

And Beatrice and Ingram exchanged a tender, half-reproachful look, that Mr. Dinwiddie rightly interpreted.

"A year—twelve months of happiness lost," it said, "through blind ignorance."

The banker rose with a suddenness unusual in him, for, as a rule, he was a man of slow movements.

"Will you show me the restoration business you've been having in the cloisters?" he said brusquely. "I'm going back by the eight o'clock train, the only one there is—and I'd like to see what's been done."

He looked at Beatrice, and she instantly proposed to be

A very thrilling chronicle of Don Q., by E. and Hesketh Prichard, appears in the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

his guide; Ingram volunteered to accompany her, but his chief waved him back.

"No, no, we don't need you, Chester," he said, glancing at the young man with strange disfavour. "Beatrice and I are old friends, quite sufficient for one another; she can do without you—for a time."

They were the first words he had addressed to Ingram since entering the room. Beyond a curt nod of recognition, he had ignored his young subordinate, and Ingram, used to the banker's somewhat heavy joviality, was at a loss to understand this change of manner. It did not please him any more than did Mr. Dinwiddie's taking possession of Beatrice to act as his guide in a cathedral with every corner of which the banker was familiar.

"I never knew before," Ingram observed a little sulkily, when his *fiancée* had departed, "that Mr. Dinwiddie took an interest in architecture; it's surely a new craze."

"By no means," answered the Dean indignantly; "he knows every inch of the Minster and loves it. You forget that he was educated at King Henry's School, and his interest in the old foundation has never waned. Whenever he comes, he never fails to visit the headmaster. I expect he has gone there now with Beatrice."

But the Dean was wrong in his surmise. Mr. Dinwiddie and Beatrice had not gone to the Cathedral; they were walking slowly along beside the broad and sluggish-flowing river, away from the solemn cawings of the rooks that circled in and out between the trees in the Close. The banker looked furtively at his companion; she was smiling in an abstracted manner to herself, as though her thoughts were very pleasant, and beneath his heavy brows Dinwiddie's eyes flamed with a savage light. He knew she was thinking of her lover.

"You never expressed any surprise when I asked you to come here—instead of going to the Cloisters," he said harshly. "Do you know why I chose this place?"

"I don't"—she laughed pleasantly—"but it is very nice and quiet, isn't it?"

"Listen, Beatrice, I have something of deadly, of terrible importance to say to you." Dinwiddie spoke hoarsely, and he came to a standstill. "We are alone here—will you listen?"

"Of course," she answered uneasily; "but what is it?"

"It is something that concerns your lover. Ah, I thought you would be all attention. You love Ingram Chester?"

"Better than my life."

At these words, John Dinwiddie's big, knotted hands closed slowly on the stick he carried, and he smiled.

"And—you would sacrifice much for him?"

"Everything."

"Even"—he came closer to her, his small, fiery eyes seemed to scorch the girl as she gazed at his—"even *yourself?*"

"Myself?" repeated Beatrice blankly. "What do you mean?"

"What I say. Is your love for this man so great that it is selfless, or do you yet love yourself better than you do him? Is it not sufficient for you that he should be happy, even though you be unhappy? If he is in the sunshine, do you care though you may be in the shade? Is his welfare everything to you—your own nothing? Is your love like this, is it Heaven-born, or is it some feeble, sickly plant of human growth, that the first blast of misfortune will wither?"

Beatrice suddenly laid her hand upon her companion's arm, her sweet face glowing with the feeling his words had aroused in her.

"How well you put it," she half whispered. "Yes, that is how I love Ingram, and you—that is how you loved once, I know it is, or you could not have spoken as you did."

"Not I," said Mr. Dinwiddie, laughing harshly. "My love was very different; it was a man's love, you see. Now I, in that high-flown manner, described a strictly feminine affection. No renunciation, no sitting in the shade whilst the beloved enjoys the sunshine for us, Beatrice. No, no! A self-sacrificing love for those who believe in it—I don't for myself."

He spoke vehemently, and Beatrice's pretty brow puckered.

"I never saw you like this before," she said in distress. "It's a new phase in your character, Mr. Dinwiddie, and one I can't reconcile with what I know of you. You are——"

"I sometimes think," he interposed with scarcely-veiled irritation, "that the greatest drawback a person can be born under is to be labelled. I go through life considered to be a genial, jolly, good-humoured fellow, a 'downright good sort,' as some people call me, and I find, if I depart from that type, the world is not only astonished, but annoyed, and takes it very ill of me. Put the old Dinwiddie as you remember him away from you, Beatrice; from this instant he is dead, he has ceased to exist."

Something in his voice touched Beatrice; she glanced at him and saw how changed he was from the round-faced, prosperous man of but a few minutes ago; his ruddy colour had faded, leaving him pale and haggard, the corners of his obstinate mouth drooped in a pathetic appeal.

"Of course, I will listen to you," she said gently; "but you know you were so very different from your usual self, that, just for a moment, I confess I was frightened."

"Exactly," and he laughed drearily, "I am always labelled. Beatrice, if you marry Chester, you spell ruin for him—black, awful ruin!"

"What do you mean? Ruin—I—don't understand."

"If you marry Chester, he will be arrested on a charge of forgery, and he is sure, when the circumstances are considered, of getting five years' penal servitude. That sounds—well, it doesn't sound anything to you, because you can't grasp what it means; but I'll tell you what it means. To a man of education and refinement it means purgatory, or worse. And to that you condemn the man you love, unless you give him up."

"You are only teasing me; you don't mean what you say. It is a cruel joke," Beatrice cried passionately, wrenching her hand from his detaining grasp. "Forgery—arrest! How dare you use such words in connection with Ingram! Oh, how dare you!"

Mr. Dinwiddie was silent, looking at the broad, placid river as though to seek aid and counsel from the sluggish waters; he had been too abrupt, too vehement; he had, he felt, conducted the affair with a lamentable want of diplomacy. But, when your heart is concerned in a matter, and not your head, it is difficult to be prudent and cautious. He was at a loss how to proceed, and therefore said nothing, and his silence alarmed Beatrice more than his words, wild and fierce though they had been.

"Speak," Beatrice said impatiently. "What do you mean by frightening me so? It's very unkind of you, and I always liked you so much, but I sha'n't if you make horrid jokes. I always said practical jokers ought to be executed, but that was before I knew you had joined their ranks."

Mr. Dinwiddie turned slowly towards her. "It's true," he said. "Ingram Chester will be arrested on a charge of forgery, unless—unless the firm proves placable."

"It's no use your bringing such wild accusations against Ingram," said Beatrice haughtily. "I know him much too well to be affected by them; you only make me hate you, that is all. I cannot think what I have done to you that you should be so cruel to me; I—I always used to think you liked me."

"I do," answered the banker. He was staring at her with an absolutely expressionless countenance. "That is why I warn you. Ingram Chester's salvation lies in your hands, and," he added as an afterthought, "in mine."

"You talk in riddles," said Beatrice, but her colour wavered, and the smile she forced to her lips was but a poor counterfeit of the real thing. "Ingram is in no danger, so he requires neither my help nor yours."

The time had come for plain speaking; Mr. Dinwiddie was weary of this beating about the bush. Beatrice proved more obtuse than he had imagined possible. He forgot that the aspect of the case was to her absolutely new, whilst he had been pondering over it for many a day, content to be patient, not to strike until the appointed hour should come. His next words were brutal in their simplicity, and could scarcely be expected to advance his cause.

"Can't you see what I mean?" he said impatiently. "Chester has got into trouble with our firm. I can get him out of it; the others always obey me. He shall escape scot-free, which is more than he deserves, but not unless you give him up. I won't help your future husband, because—because——"

He stopped, but Beatrice was as far as ever from suspecting the truth.

"Because of what?" she asked hotly. "Though I don't believe a word of this absurd charge against Ingram, I think it is horrible—yes, horrible of you to hesitate to help him if he needs help. I cannot think how you can."

"I can," answered Mr. Dinwiddie with startling promptitude, "because I love you myself—and I've loved you all your life. If you stand so near the edge of the river, you will fall in. It is scandalous that the town council do not put up a railing."

But Beatrice heeded neither his warning nor his animadversion on the municipality of Wilbury; she could think of nothing save the stupendous fact that John Dinwiddie, a man whom she regarded as a second father, was in love with her, that it was jealousy that prompted his vague threats against Ingram. And a sudden terror of this immovable, stolid-looking creature, whom she had so little understood, took possession of her. It was as though the quiet, green English landscape about them had all at once developed into a West Indian volcano.

"Well," said the banker at length, "have you anything to say to me?"

"No," Beatrice half-whispered; "what—what could I say?"

"Would you like me," he asked deliberately, "to explain to you the whole case against your lover? It has cost me much pain and distress"—he smiled strangely—"but I think it is clear. Shall I tell you the grounds of the accusations, and shall I show you how the net is closing round the evildoer?"

"No, no, no! I will hear nothing," Beatrice cried vehemently, "because it is not true—it is not true; he has done nothing wrong, nothing! You cannot hurt him, because he is innocent. I am as sure of his innocence as I am of my own."

"Innocent men," said Mr. Dinwiddie, "have been hanged before now—for crimes which they never committed. Let us understand one another, Beatrice. Refuse to break off your engagement, and the warrant for Ingram Chester's arrest is issued instantly; give him up, and his career shall not be hurt, he shall escape. Now, you have the chance of proving whether your love is pure, selfless, almost divine, or a selfish, earthly passion."

"And what is yours for me," cried Beatrice fiercely, "if you torture me in this way?"

"I make no pretence of being superhuman," retorted the banker coolly; "but you, who told me you experienced for Chester the lofty love I described to you—you must live up to your ideals. I possess none.

"I cannot give up Ingram," Beatrice answered stubbornly, "and I utterly refuse to believe that you can hurt him. Why should you? He has done nothing wrong."

"You cling to that as to some sacred shibboleth," sneered Dinwiddie. "Think, Beatrice, I alone of all human beings can make or mar your lover's life; give him up, and his prosperity is assured, I will see to that. Remember, I ask nothing of you; I do not ask you to marry me; I only ask you not to marry Ingram Chester, or—or any other man. Is——"

"Hush," she interrupted, with a scornful gesture of her delicate hands, "I do not wish to listen to you; I shall only despise you more than I do at present. Once and for all, I say no, *no*, to all that you suggest!"

"Beatrice," Dinwiddie said hoarsely, "think again! If you refuse to give up Ingram Chester, his doom is sealed; he can't possibly escape from the net I've drawn round him. It's impossible; I've guarded against every possible loophole; the evidence is overwhelming; he must be found guilty. Are you going to keep faith with a thief?"

But Beatrice did not wince even at that ugly word; horror and loathing for this man who was attempting in such cold-blooded fashion to ruin her happiness overcame her, he filled her with physical disgust; she felt humiliated that such a man should have dared to tell her that he loved her.

Dinwiddie had laid a heavy hand upon her arm, and, standing on the brink of the river, with the drooping trees that served to support the slippery clay banks behind them, the man and woman gazed into each other's eyes. Before those of Beatrice there swam a blood-red mist. The sweet pealing of the cathedral bells, summoning the faithful to prayer, the solemn cawing of the rooks winging their way home against the sunset skies, sounded in her ears as the screaming of triumphant furies.

"Let me go," she cried with sudden terror, and tore herself free from Dinwiddie's grip upon her arm; the banker staggered back, crashed with all his heavy weight against the willow trees, and, as they yielded with the force of the pressure, he fell with a heavy splash into the turgid waters of the muddy river.

So suddenly and with such swiftness had this taken place, that Beatrice for an instant neither moved nor uttered a sound; she stood there as one stupefied, gazing at the gap John Dinwiddie had caused in the willows, then she covered her face and gave a cry of horror, but it was not distress or anguish at his fate that caused her to utter that sound; it was the awful, hideous thought that leapt into life in her brain, a suggestion so sinister that she drove it from her with loathing, and, creeping to the water's edge, she looked fearfully down into the river.

There, wedged in and upheld by a forked branch, lay John Dinwiddie; a scarlet stream ran down his white face, as it rested against a tree; he had struck his head in his fall, and the blow had deprived him of consciousness, but the tree had caught and saved him.

Yet, as she looked, Beatrice saw that the forked branch was slowly giving way beneath the heavy weight, the white plinth was just visible as the wood cracked ever and again, and the senseless man sank a little deeper into the water; soon the fork would break, and then—no power on earth could save John Dinwiddie from his fate.

Beatrice stood as one fascinated by the spectacle, gazing at the silently-flowing river, whose waters seemed hungry for the unconscious Thing, as they curled with fiendish caresses about the helpless form; the air seemed to have grown suddenly very still, the cathedral bells rang out with startling volume and distinctness; to Beatrice they spoke aloud her fearful thoughts with awful emphasis:

"If this man be drowned, Ingram will be safe; leave him, he deserves to die!"

(Another long instalment of this powerful story next week. Tell all your friends about it.)

POSTER CONTEST.

FIRST PRIZE:

A Splendid BILLIARD TABLE (measuring 4ft. 10in. by 2ft. 8½in.) together with Cues, Balls, Marking Board, and Spirit Level.

(It will go on an ordinary table in a room twelve feet long.)

OTHER PRIZES:

TWO SOLID SILVER PENCIL CASES

- - and - -

TWENTY-FIVE PORTABLE ELECTRIC LAMPS.

Everyone has seen at some time or other the "trick" posters issued by various papers, which at first glance seem to mean something, but which, on closer investigation, mean something entirely different. Here are a couple of examples:

THE
JAPS
AS A RULE
EAT
RICE, BUT THE
RUSSIAN
SAILORS
PREFER MEAT.

PORT
ARTHUR
FALLS
A VICTIM TO OUR JUGGLED
LETTERS COMPETITION.

Are there any readers sufficiently ingenious to beat these? If so, send them along. Each attempt must be written on a postcard, addressed to THE POSTER EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Tuesday, April 12th.

The Billiard Table will be given to the sender of the poster which the Editor considers to be the best, and the other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. Will competitors please use picture postcards where possible, as these give so much pleasure to the little sufferers in the children's hospitals, to whom they are sent after the prizes have been awarded?

The Editor's decision is final, and competitors must enter only on that understanding.

"The Golden Apple"—a splendid story by Blanche Eardley—appears in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

TEACHING MOTORISTS TO DRIVE.

In Paris there is a school for motor drivers, and those who have been through it are thoroughly qualified to drive anywhere. Belonging to the school is a big field on which is a track paved with asphalt, wood blocks, cobbles, and any other material of which roads are made, so that the would-be drivers become accustomed to any road surfaces which they are likely to encounter. Scattered at intervals along the track are dummy figures of all sorts, besides pieces of broken glass, broken bricks, and other obstacles which require careful steering to negotiate successfully.

WASHING THE NOTES.

In America, when the paper money gets very dirty, some of the banks set their clerks to clean it. This is accomplished by washing in ordinary soap and water. One clerk will do the washing while another puts the notes through a wringing machine to get all the water out, and they are afterwards hung on a line to dry, and are soon ready to return to circulation, looking quite fresh and new.

TRICKS OF THE VAN THIEF.

Vans that are covered entirely with tarpaulin or canvas, and have a loose back, present opportunities to the van thief. A favourite trick is for the thief to wheel a hand-cart covered with sacking, under which a confederate lies concealed, behind one of these vans. The confederate quickly puts the upper part of his body inside the van, his feet remaining in the cart. Being concealed from view by the loose tarpaulin, he seizes a package, dropping back with it into the cart, which is pushed off at once. A wet day is preferred for this trick, as then not so many people are about, and the driver is likely to be holding his head down as a protection from the rain, in consequence of which he will not look behind him.

POTATOES AT £1,000,000 A TON.

A great boom has been created during the last few months in the "Eldorado" potato, and most extravagant prices have been realised for small quantities of them.

At the last Smithfield show a pound of "Eldorados" was purchased from some well-known Covent Garden potato salesmen for £450, or £1,008,000 per ton. The tubers illustrated here—they are only the size of a hen's egg—fetched £25 each.

The reasons that such huge prices should be obtained for this special variety of potato are that they are extremely scarce, very prolific, and possess wonderful disease-resisting properties. Mr. Findlay, a celebrated Scottish potato grower, was the first to discover "Eldorados."

The "Sir John Llewellyn" is another valuable variety, tubers being worth two hundred times their weight in gold. Next season it is expected that not more than £2 will be realised for each pound of potatoes; the stock will have increased sufficiently for it to have become comparatively common.

PICKED PARS

Houses Made in Factories.

The manufacture and shipment of houses form an important industry in Scandinavia. There are enormous timber mills near Stockholm, at which wooden houses are made by the hundred for all parts of the world. They are constructed in sections for convenience of carriage, so that on their arrival at the places where they are to be erected the parts can be fitted together. They are not mere sheds or "shanties," but elegantly-constructed residences suitable for the summer dwellings of the well-to-do. Hunting lodges, schoolhouses, public halls, and other structures are included amongst the products of the Swedish factories.

Paper Doors.

Doors made entirely of paper are used in some of the modern dwellings in French cities. They are finished to resemble any kind of wood, and there is no warping, shrinking, or cracking.

Models of Sobriety.

Throughout the townships of Mearley, Mitton, Henthorn, Coldcoates, Twiston, and Worston, all in the vicinity of Clitheroe, not a single individual has been convicted of drunkenness for ten years.

Flower Barometer.

A certain variety of marigold forms a kind of vegetable barometer. If the day is going to be fine the flowers open about seven o'clock in the morning and close between three and four in the afternoon, but if the weather is going to be wet they do not open at all.

Thoughtful Government.

The Japanese Government sedulously fosters the æsthetic taste of its people. The seats in the public gardens are placed just where the view is best, and along the highways it is common to find official notices telling you where to stop for the best prospect.

Pea-and-Bean Census.

The temperance party of Scarborough, with a view to collecting facts for the Brewster Sessions, have just conducted a pea-and-bean census. Every time a woman entered a licensed house the watcher would transfer a bean from one pocket to another. Peas were similarly employed in the case of men.

Useful Lessons.

In the centre of the usual school buildings of Harringay, North London, there is a little four-roomed flat, prettily furnished, and fully equipped with domestic utensils, where, under the guidance of three mistresses, fourteen girls are taught in a practical manner the science of household management.

Hand-Beaten Only.

Chinese commanding officers of regiments have a privilege which they rather prize. Whereas all inferior ranks may be beaten with bamboo sticks, the C.O. who offends may only be chastised by the hand or fist of his general. If he prefers to be beheaded, he is allowed to suffer this punishment.

Cost of Big Guns.

The expenditure involved in the bare construction of a 12in. wire gun amounts to £9,040, in the case of a 9·2in. wire gun to £5,200, and in that of a 6in. wire gun to £1,600, while a quick-firing 4·7in. gun costs £591, and a 6in. siege howitzer of 30cwt. £572. The costs of the automatic sighting gear in all but the last named are respectively £200, £165, £81, and £86.

Anticipating the Future.

In one of his letters to his sweetheart a young man at West Hartlepool wrote: "I wish, my darling, that you would not write me such long letters. If you were to bring an action for breach of promise against me the lawyers would copy the correspondence between us and charge fourpence for every folio of seventy-two words. The shorter the letters, the more we save from the lawyers."

Carpets that Speak.

Few owners of Turkish and Persian rugs know that there are often cunningly interwoven in their meshes characters that are not only legible, but are capable of translation by those familiar with the Arabic tongue. These inscriptions—also called cartouches—are usually worked round the borders of the rugs in such a manner as to make them easily distinguishable to the expert.

Embarrassing Duty.

The first duty the newly-appointed town-crier and beadle of Chipping Wycombe has to perform is of a quaint and rather embarrassing nature. Posting himself outside the Guildhall, bell in hand, he has to call out in as stentorian tones as he can muster: "I beg to inform the burgesses of Chipping Wycombe that I am the town-crier and beadle for this ancient borough. God save the King." He is always cheered to the echo by an amused and facetious crowd.

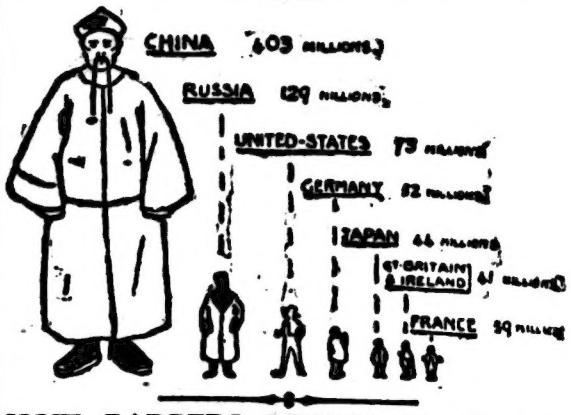
Fines for Kissing.

In the interests of public morality the Russian police authorities have some rather severe prohibitions against kissing. A good-bye kiss at the garden gate, such as we frequently see in this country between lovers at night, or between husband and wife in the morning, renders one liable to a fine equivalent to about 16s. of English money; while a kiss in a tramcar might cost the offenders 25s. each. The employment of terms of endearment on a postcard is also forbidden under pain of a heavy fine.

Names in Nippon.

The Japs do not call their country Japan, but Nippon, and that name has been in use for thirteen or fourteen centuries. Before that it was called Yamato, which is properly the name of one of the provinces. Since the Japanese have traced a resemblance between the position of their islands off Asia and the British islands off Europe, and have determined on founding an empire like the British Empire, they have called their country Dai Nippon (Great Japan), as we call ours Great Britain. Japan means "The Land of the Rising Sun."

HOW THE WORLD IS POPULATED.



HOW BARBERS LEARN TO SHAVE.

In many cases barbers get their practice in shaving and hairdressing in workhouses, but where this is not possible, they are supplied with wooden dummies. The dummy is lathered just as a human customer would be, then the barber proceeds to shave it. If he performs the operation several times without leaving any marks of the razor on the wood, he may consider himself duly qualified to experiment on a living customer; but if he nicks the wood, he must practise until he ceases to do so. Before taking in hand customers who pay for a shave, he further experiments on men who do not mind running the risk of getting their skins cut for the sake of a free shave.

LAYING WIRES ON HORSEBACK.

An expeditious way of laying telegraph wires is adopted by the Russian cavalry. A party of three sets out at a hand gallop. On the back of the foremost man is a roll of wire which unwinds as he goes. He is followed by two others carrying lances, the ends of which are forked. With these forks the wire is skilfully caught and thrown over branches of trees alongside the road. It is unusual for Russian roads not to be tree-lined, but when this is the case the wires are thrown over bushes or hedges, and on occasion they are laid in the furrows of the fields.

PICKPOCKETS' NEW DODGE.

The pickpocket has invented a new dodge by which he can easily escape when indulging in his nefarious practices. He so arranges that he meets his victim beside a horse-drawn vehicle standing against the kerb. Knocking his victim's hat over his eyes, the pickpocket grabs the watch-chain, or whatever else he is after, and immediately darts underneath the horse and hides himself in the traffic the other side of the road. By the time the victim has recovered, the thief has quite disappeared.

Read the account in the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE of audiences with the most powerful rulers of the Far East in their own homes.

Schools for Wives.

And Others for Pickpockets, Detectives, and Jugglers.

ALL good citizens will rejoice to learn that a new and efficacious method of abolishing those pests of the streets, known as Hooligans, has been discovered and put into practical application by a French gentleman named M. Pierre Vigny.

Some years ago the idea occurred to M. Vigny, who, it may be mentioned, has been fencing master to a French crack cavalry regiment, that it would be possible to discover a system by which people could guard themselves against the cowardly methods of assault practised by the blackguards of the streets. M. Vigny accordingly purchased a stout walking-stick, and, armed with it, proceeded to study the methods of Hooligans in the slums of London and Liverpool.

When he acquired first-hand knowledge of their ways, he repaired to Paris, where he sought wisdom from the Thugs and Apaches, ruffians who assault pedestrians with sand-bags and life-preservers, and then, for the purpose of finishing his education, he spent some considerable time amongst the ruffians of Rome and Naples, who are proficient in the

use of the murderous stiletto,

and completed his curriculum in the Bowery of New York and the slums of Chicago.

He thus became conversant with every device of the street ruffian, and, what is of more importance, he discovered how to protect himself effectively from every weapon, with the exception of firearms, they use, including loaded belts, sand-bags, bludgeons, knives, and daggers, with the instrumentality of a humble walking-stick!

For the purpose of imparting this art he has established a "School of Self-Defence" in a street near Oxford Street, which is largely patronised by young aristocrats, city men, actors, and others, whose pursuits necessitate their being out late.

Ladies also receive instruction at this unique school in large numbers, and M. Vigny maintains that anyone who has mastered the system of self-defence with a walking-stick or umbrella, which he has inaugurated, is a match for, at least, half a dozen street ruffians armed with belts or knives!

The newly-wedded men who discover that the pastry made by their better halves is more substantial than digestible, and that their

collars and cuffs lack lustre,

will be delighted to hear that a "School for Wives" exists at Chelsea, which is presided over by Professor Tomlinson, who instructs his pupils in all sorts of housewifely duties, from clear starching to the higher flights of domestic economy.

Large numbers of married and single ladies attend this school for the purpose of becoming proficient in various domestic arts, and lectures followed by practical demonstrations are given on every imaginable subject connected with the household.

A very large number of ballet dancers attend Mr. John Tiller's Academy in Great Newport Street, where a school for stage dancing is regularly held. It consists of a large room, containing a piano and a few chairs. Along one side a stout handrail runs, and another noticeable feature is a pole, separated from the wall by iron rungs.

Ballet dancing consists of performing a series of beautiful poses rapidly and gracefully, and the first thing the girls are taught is to stand in these poses supported by the rail until they become sufficiently advanced to proceed to step-dancing and repeat these

postures with lightning rapidity.

Ghent and St. Petersburg boast of unique schools for detectives and policemen. Ghent's police force employs large numbers of dogs to patrol the streets at night and these animals are taught to obey the command of any man in uniform and to follow any person, and if necessary fly at him, when instructed by the gendarme.

Russian policemen are taught everything that is likely to be useful to them in the course of their duties at an academy at St. Petersburg. The students are taught the gentle arts of burgling and pocket picking, and they are made proficient in the methods of all sorts of criminals, as the authorities hold that they can only become efficient policemen through mastering the devices of thieves.

The more advanced pupils are instructed in shadowing suspected persons, and imaginary crimes are committed, and prizes given to those who solve them by deduction.

One of the most interesting schools in London to visit is that for acrobats and "strong" men at Kennington. There you will see pupils instructed in the art of throwing double somersaults and weight lifting.

Juggling is also embraced in the curriculum, and the initial efforts of would-be-jugglers to perform tricks with eggs and plates are both interesting and amusing.

Owing to the introduction of electric tramcars in South London the London County Council has recently established a school for motor men, under the superintendence of that well-known electrical engineer, Mr. W. G. Packham, at Streatham.

The pupils are instructed in the mysteries of the "controllers" which regulate the cars and learn their mechanism, and how to apply the brakes. They are also instructed in the rudiments of electrical engineering, before the L.C.C. finally intrusts them with the control of a tram-car and the lives of some seventy passengers.

Very few are aware that several schools for barbers and three finishing academies for hairdressers exist in London. At the hairdressers' academies courses of instructions are given by competent professors in the intricate art of the coiffure, and elaborate styles of headdresses are constructed on models selected for their profession from historical pictures and engravings. The West End Hairdressers' Academy, it may be mentioned, has some six hundred scholars, and twelve models are constantly employed.

Despite the vigilance of the police, quite a number of schools for the training of young criminals exist, unfortunately, in our midst. One of these was recently discovered in Bethnal Green, which was conducted by an alien of

an unsavoury but familiar type.

The most famous school for young pickpockets, however, suppressed in recent years, was the one kept by the woman known as "The Queen of the Forties," who at one time sat to the late Sir Frederick Leighton as model for several of his famous pictures.

She instructed a number of boys and girls in pocket-picking, and lived in considerable affluence from the proceeds of her pupils' dishonesty, whom, it is only fair to state, she treated with great kindness, so far as their physical well-being was concerned, until she was discovered and sentenced to a term of imprisonment.

The most extraordinary school, however, that exists in the Metropolis is the Japanese School of Self-Defence, where Ju-Jit-Su, or "Weakness against Strength," is taught by Professor Vyenishi.

Ju-Jit-Su is a system based on a profound knowledge of anatomy and dynamics, and anyone who is proficient in this curious method can overthrow an adversary who is three times as strong. President Roosevelt is an adept at Ju-Jit-Su, and quite a large number of officers in the British Army are practising this system.

It is said that no strong man or athlete has ever succeeded in defeating a Ju-Jit-Su player, and certainly none of the famous wrestlers at present before the public have ever accepted the challenges of the Japanese champions who are performing in this country.

A MASTER.

He did not care for womankind—
A bachelor bold was he;
Yet o'er each girl's receptive mind
He'd great authority.

They watched his face with vigilance,
The sharp girl feared his frown;
The flat girl trembled at his glance
Whene'er it met her own.

His every motion they obeyed,
Compliant to his nod,
For, if the pretty laggards stayed,
He urged them with a rod.

The reason he could lead each lass
Submissive to command?
He taught them in a music class—
Conductor of the band.

SPOKE LIKE A DOLL.

"THAT Miss Plithers is a perfect beauty, isn't she?" said the first young man.

"Well, yes; she is rather pretty," conceded the second young man. "But, after all, hers is a doll-like beauty."

"That's so. I had noticed a certain wax-doll precision and exactness in her complexion."

"Oh, the resemblance goes further than that. One evening last week I called on her, and when I was leaving I slyly squeezed her, and she yelled 'Mamma'!"

"CAN you tell anything by looking at my hand?"

"Yes; I should infer—looking closely at your hand—that a heavy tax had been levied on soap."

MAIDEN FAIR: "Oh, it always makes my head swim to go on the water!"

Sailor facetious: "No danger of drowning, then, mem, if you should fall overboard."

"WILL you love me when I'm old?" she whispered.

"We'll wait till you are old," he said, practically. "It's as much as I can attend to just now to love you when you're young."

WILD FLOWER WRINKLES.

Some Facts and Figures of Interest to Collectors.

READERS who are fond of gathering wild flowers may be interested to know that many people in the country take the hobby quite seriously.

So far from regarding it as an idle occupation, wild flower collecting is carried on by many in a highly scientific way.

A society exists, with books of rules, to see that the pastime is conducted in a proper manner, by proper people, and it is quite possible to win distinction, and prizes, if you show enough energy and cleverness in the pursuit. The society has several branches all over the country.

Each member has a diary given him, in which he must keep a record of his "finds" from day to day. In this book are contained all the names of the native trees, ferns, grasses, flowers, and plants, and at the side of each name the member must fill in the place and date of his picking a specimen.

For every flower a member picks he is awarded a mark, and if he finds a flower earlier than anybody else he is awarded two marks. At the end of the year—that is in November—first, second, and third prizes are awarded to the most successful collectors.

All flowers picked must be in full bloom, or they don't count, and they must be wild, and not planted. It would not be a wild flower if you had planted it in your own garden the previous year, even though it might come under that heading in botany.

A member of this society gave *P. W.* the following hints, which will be of interest to flower-loving readers at this time of year, when, by-the-way, the season is opening:

"March 1st is the beginning of the season, and before that date most years it would be useless to look for specimens. On the 1st March, however, if lucky, you may find no fewer than between thirty and forty specimens if you happen to live in the south of England, or in the Isle of Wight.

"One year I found twenty-five in Hampshire on that date, and, another year, twenty-three in Wiltshire. This year I found forty in Berkshire. Amongst these flowers were snowdrops, hellibore, spurge laurel, lesser celandine, and primroses.

"As the weather gets warmer, you can find seven to ten fresh flowers a day. In the United Kingdom there are no fewer than 1,273 wild flowers, grasses, ferns, and the like. By the end of the season, 600 to 700 may have been collected, all entirely different. The last plant of the year is ivy, but sometimes the wild crocus or meadow saffron.

"Of course, wild flower success is largely a matter of soil. The best flower country is a chalky soil, and dwellers by the seaside have the pull over inland collectors, as flowers grow there which are not seen anywhere else.

"The origin of some of the names of wild flowers is interesting. For instance, the daisy is so called because it is the first that opens in the morning—the 'day's eye.' The goat's beard is sometimes called 'Jack go-to-bed at noon,' because it closes at 12 o'clock.

"The horse-chestnut owes its name to the marks resembling horse-shoes which are all down the branches. The 'bee orchis' looks exactly like a bee settled on a green stalk. The 'birdsfoot trefoil,' when it has gone to seed, is exactly like a bird's foot. In fact, every wild flower will be found to have some such reason for its name.

"There is quite a lot of art, too, in pressing wild flowers for preservation, but if one really collects a lot, it will be no small task to preserve them all.

"The best kind of press to use is two boards, several sheets of botanical drying paper (or blotting paper will do), and two straps, about an inch wide. The flowers should then be pressed together as tightly as possible, and kept in a dry place.

"Some will be found to take a long time drying, as, for instance, the orpine, or 'livelong.' This flower may be pressed for four or five weeks, and yet still retain life. However, this flower is almost exceptional.

"Some flowers, too, keep their colour much longer than others. Bluebells rarely remain blue when pressed. Like most other blue flowers, they nearly always turn black. Pink flowers press much better, but yellow ones best of all.

"When flowers have been pressed, the collector should put a little napthaline on them to keep away insects.

"The best places to look for flowers are fields, ditches, and railway banks. On walls, too, especially old ones, you will often find specimens. June is the best month for the seeker, and the three last months in the year the worst.

"On an average June day, so many as 300 specimens have been collected. Boggy heath is another favourite spot for wild flower gathering, and the sundew is mostly to be found there."

WHEN IN DOUBT,

on whatever the subject may be, advice is always useful. It may not be convenient or suitable to consult friends, and in that case the help of an outsider is invaluable. If you send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps, and a stamped addressed envelope, to BAKER, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., you will receive a thoroughly reliable delineation of your character. This you should study carefully, and if you do not gain from it some help in your difficulty, you will probably have only yourself to blame.

The Great Russian Plot—number one of "True Tales of Monte Carlo" (by Mrs. C. N. Williamson)—will be found in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

My Experience on a Royal Record Breaker.

By One who Travelled with the Prince of Wales to Cornwall.

The first railway race on record, it is often supposed, was that to Edinburgh in 1888, between the rival East and West Coast routes. There was, however, a race to Scotland forty years earlier—a race against time, though had it not been for the withdrawal of the Caledonian Company, whose main line between Carlisle and Edinburgh and Glasgow had then just been opened, this, too, would have resolved itself into a race between the East and West Coast routes.

The occasion of this early race was the proposal of the then Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, to raise—for a period of two years—the income tax from 7d. to 1s., and the land tax from 3½ per cent. to 6 per cent. in England, and from 2½ per cent. to 4½ per cent. in Scotland.

The debate relative to these additions, which were exciting the keenest indignation throughout the country, was fixed for the night of February 18th, 1848, whereupon, realising the immense demand for the London papers that would be likely to occur upon the following morning, Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son arranged to run special trains from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow, in addition to the ordinary newspaper express from London

to Liverpool and Manchester.

At the very last, however, the Caledonian Company declined to undertake the working of a through special from Euston beyond Carlisle, so that the Scottish consignments of newspapers had all to be placed in one train, to travel by the original East Coast route—that is, from Euston to Rugby on the North-Western Railway, from Rugby to Derby on the Midland, from Derby to York on the York and North Midland, from York to Berwick on the York, Newcastle, and Berwick, and from Berwick to Edinburgh and Glasgow on the North British.

The distance from Euston to Glasgow by this route was 470¾ miles, and leaving London at 5.35 a.m. upon Saturday, February 19th, the train reached Glasgow at 3.57 p.m. The actual running time, deducting fifty minutes for stoppages *en route*, was only 9hrs. 32min., so that the average speed throughout amounted to 50·1 miles per hour.

In August, 1895, a great contest to the North occurred, Aberdeen then being the objective. The real race was run only from August 18th to the 21st, when the East Coast timing had become cut down to 9 hours 40 minutes for the journey of 523 miles, and that of the West Coast stood at five minutes less

for the journey of 540 miles.

On August 18th-19th the West Coast train won by 16 minutes, and again on the following morning by 13 minutes.

On August 20th-21st, however, the East Coast won by 14 minutes, beating their opponent's former best time by 18 minutes. This was the record run by the East Coast route, for, with a train of six vehicles, weighing 105 tons, they accomplished the 523 miles in 520 minutes' running time, which gives a rate of speed of 60·3 miles per hour.

On the following night the West Coast determined to try to lower their rivals' colours, and, with a train of only three vehicles, weighing about 70 tons, they managed to perform the 540 miles in 512 minutes' running time, or at a rate of speed of 63·2 miles per hour.

The remarkable record in speed of 63·2 miles per hour was not beaten until the Great Western Railway showed its hand last summer, and, to use a common phrase, made "small beer" of all previous railway records in this country in general, and of those between London

and the West of England in particular.

Their rival company, the London and South-Western Railway, which possesses the shortest route to Plymouth, the "Metropolis of the West," had been tilting at the record held by the Great Western Railway, and eventually managed to cover the distance of 231 miles in 4 hours 42 minutes. This was good work, for it has to be borne in mind that the routes to the West of England include an enormous amount of "collar," or heavy gradient work.

This fact, coupled with rumours that better would probably be done, spurred on the Great Western Railway to take a leaf out of their opponents' book, and on July 15th, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales aboard a special train, the distance of 246 miles between London (Paddington) and Plymouth was covered without a single stoppage in 233 minutes, giving an average speed of about 63·6 miles per hour.

The train was a special division of the "Cornishman," and preparations for its composition and run were made with scrupulous care.

It consisted of five carriages, with the Royal saloon in the centre. The five coaches, which were of a handsome and improved type, each weighed 23 tons.

The engine, the "City of Bath," weighed no fewer than 54 tons, whilst its tender, which was well stacked with coal for such a continuous run, weighed no fewer than 35 tons, making up the total weight of the train to just over one ton short of two hundred.

As soon as the Royal party and suite, numerous railway officials, and pressmen had taken their seats the train glided out of the station, and in less than three and a half minutes was flying over the metals at the rate of a mile per minute.

As a matter of fact, the engine driver of the special was not aware that he had any very remarkable speed before him, for he had seen the time-table drawn up by the officials, and, of course, meant to stand by it.

As soon as the train left Paddington, however, and his inspector, who held a place on the locomotive, gave the word that he was to do his best, it became evident that the driver intended to get as much in hand as possible.

In the saloon reserved for the Great Western Railway officials and pressmen, the majority of the occupants were timing the speed by means of stop-watches and mile indicators along the route, and, as the speed grew faster, excitement was stamped on the faces of all, more particularly on those of the gentlemen who were responsible for the time arrangements, and who could, had they dared, have

foretold a marvellous run.

It was soon evident that they had intended to err on the right side in the matter of pace, and, within five minutes of starting, when the coaches were rattling along to the tune of fifty seconds to the mile, the officials could no longer conceal that they were hoping for an average speed throughout of a mile a minute, a low estimate as events turned out.

On down gradients the train, swerving from side to side and rushing madly forward, covered the ground in some instances at a speed of eighty miles an hour. It was a daring feat, especially when one remembered that the Prince and Princess were aboard.

Nobody on the train, however, displayed keener anxiety to be on a record-breaker than the Prince of Wales, and, equipped with a handsome stop-watch, he took an active part in the timing.

The tremendous speed at which the train flew over the metals at times told its own tale with those who sat down to dine, and the fact now leaks out that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales enjoyed the journey in the record-breaker none the less because he lost his footing during the journey westward and cracked a huge pane of plate glass window in his saloon.

By the time Exeter was reached the special was thirty-three and a half minutes in hand, and the first mile out of Exeter was covered in fifty-four seconds.

Some anxiety was caused to the officials travelling in the train when Dawlish was neared. The only piece of single line on the whole run from London to Plymouth is at Dawlish—it is now being doubled—and this necessitated the driver taking the staff by hand. Had he failed, the train must have been brought to a standstill and a serious delay, involving a waste of several minutes, been caused.

Keen not to lose by a slip all the credit of praise so freely bestowed on him, the driver was fully alive to the delicacy of the position, and, without slackening speed to any very perceptible extent, he leant over his superb engine, and, in the words of the superintendent of the line, took the staff "beautifully."

North Road Station, Plymouth, was reached at 2 hours 33 minutes 25 seconds, the whole journey of 246¼ miles having been covered without a stop in the remarkably short time of 3 hours 53 minutes 25 seconds, giving an average of 63·4 miles per hour, as compared with 53·1 miles per hour done in March, 1902, when the King travelled from Plymouth.

The long journey without a single stop was made possible, of course, by the water troughs between the metals from which the engine picks up water when running fifty miles an hour. On each occasion that water was picked up on the above-mentioned journey, the whole train was drenched with the spray, so fast was the water scooped in.

The company is laying down another water trough at Starcross (Devon), and some time next July it might well be expected that the G.W.R. will run a daily train from Paddington to Plymouth without a single stop.

Mistress: "I'm surprised, John, to catch you helping yourself to the port wine."

Butler: "So am I, mum. I thought you was gone out."

"What is it that you're baking there, my dear," inquired young Mr. Newlwed; "bread or cake?"

"I don't know. I have not finished yet," replied the young bride.

Mr. Upson Downes (seated by a stranger in a railway carriage): "What time is it by your watch, if you please?"

Stranger: "I don't know."

Mr. Upson Downes: "But you have just looked at it."

Stranger: "Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there."

Great Witness-box Contest.

£150 IN CASH PRIZES.

First Prize, £50. . . . . Twenty Prizes of £5 each.

Here is a novel competition which will appeal to all readers. Most of you are familiar with the form of question adopted by Counsel in examining witnesses. The questions are usually framed in such a manner as to enable the witness to reply with either the word "Yes" or the word "No."

In this contest we propose to place our readers, figuratively speaking, in one huge witness-box, and to cross-examine them. We shall ask them questions on general subjects, and each question will have to be answered in a monosyllable. For example, we ask you, "Is *Pearson's Weekly* printed in black ink?" to which you would reply, "Yes."

Now turn to the coupon below and put in the spaces provided your replies to the questions. Simply write the word "Yes" or the word "No" against the question. If you put any other word, or if you make any alteration, your coupon will be disqualified. Sign your name and address in the space provided and keep your coupon by you until three more have appeared.

The first prize of £50 will go to the reader from whom we receive the complete set of coupons containing the greatest number of correct replies, and the other prizes will be awarded in the order of merit.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final, and readers may enter only on this understanding.

COUPON No. 1.

Question.	Answer.	Question.	Answer.
1. Is Queen Alexandra a German?		7. Can a doctor qualify at Edinburgh?	
2. Is Snowdon the highest British mountain?		8. Is the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour a widower?	
3. Are North American Indians black?		9. Are there coal mines in Australia?	
4. Has there ever been a member of Parliament without arms and legs?		10. Did the King's Coronation take place in 1901?	
5. Is Oldham in Yorkshire?		11. Is English the national language of the United States of America?	
6. Have hedgehogs eyes?		12. Does the dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley," date back earlier than the 19th century?	

Name ..... Address .....

Laugh and grow fat—by reading the "Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son"—now appearing in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Taxes for Tunes.

Where Music is Paid for Out of the Rates.

Rouen has the Right to "Boo" a Bad Singer.

And the Kaiser Runs Opera for Berliners.

CONTINENTAL taxpayers pay for their music out of the rates just as in Britain we pay for libraries, washhouses, and museum mummies.

In a foreign town ratepayers think their local theatre or opera as important as the parish pump itself, and subscribe large sums of money annually to keep it going in style. If a town has a bad playhouse or opera, townsmen are ashamed of themselves, and go to any lengths to remove the evil.

A town which has the legal right to "boo" a singer it does not like is, however, a rarity. Rouen, which supports its town opera house, has the power of rejecting or approving a singer by the simple method of hooting or blowing whistles.

It is a contract between the manager of the theatre and the taxpayers that the latter, and they alone, shall have the right to judge the singers submitted to them.

On the first appearance of a new singer or singers, the audience goes to the theatre provided with whistles. If the singer is not liked, it is not very long before he learns of the fact by the concerted

blowing of whistles and hisses.

The performance must instantly stop, and the manager dons his white gloves and appears before the audience. The singer is instantly dismissed.

If the manager has engaged a singer whom he personally dislikes, he can rid himself of the artist, and perhaps ruin his reputation, by the simple device of hiring a few rowdies with penny whistles to signify disapproval. But, of course, such a proceeding is very unlikely, as the manager would only be cutting his own nose to spite his face. Still, it has been known to happen.

This is only one among the many curiosities of theatre management in foreign countries. In nearly every country in the world, save Great Britain, Greece, Venezuela, and one or two more, there is a State theatre and opera house paid for, either out of the King's private funds, by Parliament, or out of the proceeds of taxation.

In nearly every city and town in Europe there is also an opera house which belongs to the place itself. Almost fabulous are the sums

paid out for this purpose.

The biggest Imperial theatre proprietor is the Kaiser. The Opera, in Berlin, is the Emperor's private property, standing on ground which belongs to the Prussian State.

To maintain the opera and playhouse—both are in the same building—the Kaiser pays a yearly sum of no less than £34,000. As His Majesty pays the piper, he reserves the right, several times a week, to call the tune.

In the weekly list of plays to be performed, Berliners always see one or two blank spaces. These are taken to mean that the Kaiser will probably attend the opera on these days, and that he will himself select the piece to be performed.

The opera company sometimes have some strange surprise as a result of the whims of their master.

One fine morning a telegram reached the management that His Majesty required a performance at 11 a.m. of Wagner's *Gotterdammerung*, of which he would be the solitary spectator. The opera is in five acts, and probably the most elaborate in existence, so you can imagine what such an undertaking meant

at such short notice.

Yet the Prussian opera has to be ready for all such emergencies in return for its liberal subsidy, and, as the singers are State servants, and enjoy a prospective pension, they cannot grumble at such happenings.

Other sovereigns in the German Empire maintain their opera and theatre at correspondingly great expense. His Majesty of Saxony maintains, at Dresden, the finest opera house in the world, which costs him £31,000 a year, with a deficit to be made up annually of anything up to £15,000. In 1902 the sum was £41,000.

Nearly all the other Kings and Grand Dukes in Germany keep up their opera and theatre in their capitals. At other German towns the theatres, as in France, are maintained by the municipalities. When actual money is not paid out, other privileges are given which amount to the same thing.

In Munich, for instance, the Prince Regent Opera House is provided with free electric lighting by the city, though the house belongs to a private company, and at other towns in Bavaria the theatres are given rent free to their managers by the towns.

Composers are lucky in Belgium. They are paid a grant of money by the State at so much per act. The sum paid may be anything from £20 to £60 per act, and the body which has the allotting of this money is styled the Ministry of Agricultural and Fine Arts.

Not only does this Ministry pay composers for their work, but these fortunate people get yet another subsidy from the Ministry of the Interior for each performance. This ranges from a minimum of £2 8s. 4d. for a one-act operetta to a maximum of £6 for a five-act tragedy. These sums are paid for the first five performances.

At the chief theatre in Brussels, the Theatre de la Monnaie, £5,600 a year is paid by the municipality, and the building given rent free, as well as scenery, furniture, and other details. The manager is compelled by his agreement to pay £1,000 a year for new scenery.

To provide themselves with theatres, many towns have resorted to what seem curious methods to British ideas. For instance, Sofia is building a theatre for itself, and to raise funds it deducts £2,000 a year from the town lottery. The same course has been adopted in Sweden to raise the

needed funds for theatres.

The attitude of other foreign towns towards their theatres is rather that of the man who says: "I can't spare you any money, but I'll do what I can for you." Thus Chemnitz, in Saxony, having given its theatre to the manager, undertakes to do all the cleaning, warming, staging, repairing, and electric lighting free.

Reichenbach, in the same State, provides free firemen and police. At Weimar the firemen are provided free for the theatre, and are kept constantly in attendance during performances and rehearsals.

The chief theatre of Costa Rica belongs to the State, and companies who tour there are provided with free lighting and printing, conditionally on their giving one benefit performance for charities, and placing boxes at the disposal of the President and city governor.

Santiago has a clever way of criticising the merit of its travelling theatrical companies. The motto is: "Good play, good pay," or "Bad play, no pay."

The opera house is lent to the company and its scenery provided free. Then the right to rent a box is put up to auction. Sometimes this realises a large sum, such as £5,000, which is held in reserve

until the end of the season.

If the municipality is satisfied with the performances of the company this sum is paid over to them. If not satisfied, then nothing is given.

Guatemala gives its theatre free lighting and printing, and Nicaragua allows railway rebates to travelling companies.

Not only are these theatres and opera houses maintained by the various States and towns, but in many cases, particularly in Germany, the Government maintains its own orchestra, and insists on prices being as low as possible.

At Glauchau, in Saxony, the orchestra is subsidised, on condition that it gives fifteen free performances, lasting an hour each, and five popular concerts with tickets at a penny apiece.

Great Britain, of course, makes no kind of grant for dramatic or musical performances. The immediate result is that, in London, opera is given only three months during the year at prices which the average man cannot afford, and in the provinces, at rare intervals, by travelling companies, who only too often return from tours with empty pockets. Thus the Londoner, in the course of the year, probably hears less music than the inhabitant of a small village in Germany.

BOY: "Father, isn't it murder to kill a pig?"

Father: "Not exactly. Murder is assaulting with intent to kill. The other is a killing with intent to salt."

"I EXPECT to leave my wife a great deal when I die."

"You're getting in practice, I suppose, by leaving her so much now?"

"DID you hear that there was a skeleton in Smith's family?" asked Jones.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed his wife. "Where?"

"Inside Smith," replied Jones.

FOND Mother (listening to baby's cries): "What a sweet-toned voice she has, dear! She'll be a splendid singer. We must send her to Italy to have her voice cultivated."

Husband (irritably, from behind the evening paper): "Send her now."

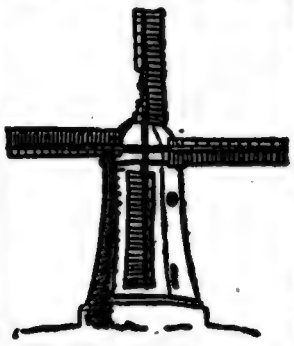
WICKWIRE: "You ought to be ashamed of the way you encourage that Mrs. Gossip to call here. Do you really enjoy hearing your neighbours talked about?"

Mrs. Wickwire: "No, I can't say that I do. But as long as I keep her here I know she is not talking about me."

HOW WINDMILLS SPEAK.

The Way in which the Sails of a Mill can Convey News.

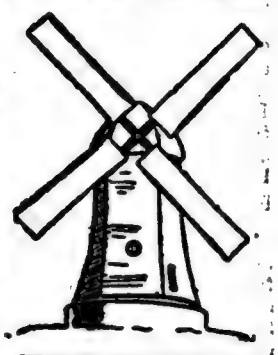
To a person who knows how to read them, the windmills of Holland are notices of births, marriages, and deaths as plainly as you can get them in your newspaper.



The Sign of Mourning.

When a member of the milling fraternity dies, the sails of his mill are furled, and the wheel itself is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, and in that position they are left during the period of mourning; the milling friends of the dead man stop their mills and put the sails in the same position—that of a cross—until after the funeral has taken place.

When a miller gets married, he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in a slanting position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise with their mills in token of the ceremony.



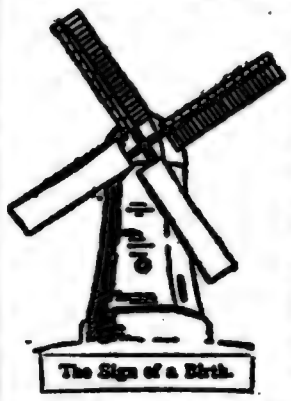
When the Miller Marries.

But to stop a mill for long in a busy season means a considerable loss, and the miller being usually a thrifty person compromises by allowing his mill to stand still in the proper position during the time that he knows the marriage ceremony is going on, and restarting it as soon as it is over.

To indicate a birth, the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage, and the two upper sails are furled.

A little while ago a curious incident occurred in connection with that custom. A young married couple lived in a mill situated a considerable distance from the beaten track.

One fine morning a carter reached a neighbouring village with the news that an increase had taken place in Jan's household, for the sails stood at the sign of a birth. This being a rather unexpected thing, all the villagers went across the fields and "polders" (marsh-lands) to congratulate the happy father.



The Sign of a Birth.

When they reached the mill none was more surprised than the miller at the news. The fact was his mill had stopped working through a defect in the machinery, and he commenced to furl the sails, but the wheel swung round into a fixed position, and there it again stopped and refused to turn either way.

Finding he could not get it to move, he had left it pending the arrival of assistance, little imagining that its position would be read as a sign of a birth in his family.

VILLAS FOR £3 A YEAR.

IN no place on the surface of the globe is rent so high as at Gibraltar, the reason being that the geographical position of the town precludes the possibility of its being extended in any direction. A long, narrow strip of what was once sea-beach is alone available for building purposes. All the rest is precipitous rock.

Upon this narrow parapet, in some cases less than one hundred yards in width, are crowded the homes of 25,000 people. So much as a sovereign a week is asked and obtained for the use of one small room, and this, too, in a place where the normal rate of wages is quite 70 per cent. less than in Britain.

In our neighbouring dependency of Malta, on the other hand, house-rent is ridiculously cheap. Anywhere outside of Valetta an excellent seven-roomed house can be had for from three to four pounds a year, while rates and taxes are unknown. The houses are built entirely of the cream-coloured stone of which the island is composed, and which is so soft that it can be cut with a saw into blocks or slabs of any desired size or shape. So, while the Maltese builder is digging up his foundation, he is, at the same time, getting out the material for his walls, his flooring, and his roof.

Mrs. C. N. Williamson's splendid series—"True Tales of Monte Carlo"—starts in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Battles as Birthday Presents

How Some Generals Have Announced their Victories.

One Cabled a Defeat as a Triumph.

While Another Wired a Pun.

Next to winning a victory, the chief concern of a general or admiral nowadays is how to spring the news on the public in the most effective way. However great and glorious the triumph it is not considered complete unless its announcement is served up in a spicy fashion through the newspapers.

To meet this taste even the conquerors themselves have departed from the stern official language which had to do duty in the days of our ancestors and gilded the plum of victory with some suggestive phrase.

Who forgets Lord Roberts' happy announcement of the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg? After notifying the achievement, Roberts added:

"*I hope Her Majesty's Government will consider this event satisfactory, occurring as it does on the anniversary of Majuba.*"

And it was even whispered, though nobody can say with truth, that our commander had somehow arranged his tactics with a view to the anniversary.

Another dramatic touch of the same kind was that with which Admiral Sampson a nounced his destruction of the Spanish Fleet off Santiago during the war of 1898. He, too, was able to spring a birthday present on the American public, and wired:

"*The Fleet under my command offers the nation, as a Fourth of July present, the destruction of the whole of Admiral Cervera's fleet. Not one escaped.*"

A general "has the honour" or "satisfaction" of informing his chiefs of victory, but generally "deeply regrets" disaster. Waterloo and Inkerman came of course in the first category. The former was announced to the public as follows, in a telegram to the Lord Mayor of London:

"*I have the greatest satisfaction in informing your Lordship that the dispatches received from Wellington, dated Waterloo the 19th inst., contain the account of a most decisive and glorious victory having been obtained over the whole of the French army.*"

Lord Raglan communicated the news of Inkerman as follows:

"*I have the honour to report to your Grace that the army under my command effectually repulsed and defeated a most vigorous and determined attack of the enemy.*"

"Deeply regret" has a fearful significance to us now, after the series of reverses in South Africa. How many times that word came to us through dispatches we do not like to remember. The most heart-breaking "regrets," however, were those of Buller and Gatacre, at Colenso and Stormberg. The former was announced:

"*I regret to report serious reverse.*"

Gatacre wired the defeat of Stormberg as follows:

"*Deeply regret to inform you that I have met with a serious reverse in attack this morning at Stormberg.*"

And in similar words came the news of the score or more smaller reverses which punctuated the campaign.

Methuen didn't "regret" his defeat at Magersfontein, but conveyed it in terse enough words:

"*Highland Brigade attacked at daybreak. Attack properly timed. Attack failed.*"

Our victories during the South African war, with the exception of Lord Roberts' Paardeberg wire, were generally reported in very terse language.

The relief of Kimberley came to us as follows:

"*French, with horse artillery, cavalry, and mounted infantry, reached Kimberley this afternoon.*"

Ladysmith's relief was couched in similarly brief terms:

"*Dundonald, with Natal Carbineers, and composite regiment, entered Ladysmith last night.*"

The briefest war announcement in history is the one-word pun of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde in 1843. "*Peccavi*" it ran, the Latin for "I have sinned" (Scinde).

The fall of Khartoum came to us in very few words. For weeks the public had been awaiting news of Gordon's relief, quite believing that it would be accomplished. One morning, a telegram arrived:

"*Khartoum fell on the 26th. The fate of General Gordon is unknown.*"

The utter rout of the Poles, and the capture of their capital in 1831, which led to the partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, was announced by the general in command in the following choice words:

"*Order reigns in Warsaw.*"

Curiously enough, many great victories were first reported as defeats for the victors. Amazing as it seems, the first news of Dewey's defeat of the Spaniards at Manila represented it as a notable Spanish victory. The Governor of the Philippines actually proclaimed this in the following words, which on being posted up in Madrid were hailed with cheers:

"*Our fleet engaged enemy in brilliant combat. They obliged enemy with heavy loss to change their position, and to manœuvre repeatedly. At nine o'clock the American squadron took refuge behind merchant shipping.*"

Dewey's telegram, a little later, however, put a very different complexion on the event.

Still more startling is the fact that France's most fearful defeat of history, Sedan, in which McMahon surrendered with 70,000 men, filtered through first as a French victory. On the day of the battle the following telegram reached the newspapers from Brussels:

"*A new encounter occurred yesterday at Sedan. The French are said to have captured thirty guns, and Bazaine is said to be driving the Prussians towards Sedan.*"

This was received with much satisfaction in Paris, until the next day was published the following, addressed to the "Queen of Prussia, Berlin," and signed "Wilhelm."

"*A capitulation whereby the whole army at Sedan are prisoners of war has just been concluded. What a course events have assumed by God's guidance.*"

The defeats of the Greeks by Turkey in 1897 were put in quaint phraseology by the defeated generals. Overwhelmed and driven back at Pharsala the general announced that he was making a "strategic movement to the rear."

Waterloo actually got to Paris, in the first instance, as a decisive French victory.

Balaclava first reached Britain as one of the many "regret" battles. That it was in any sense glorious did not strike the public until some weeks had elapsed. The bare fact was announced after the "I deeply regret."

"*Eight hundred Cavalry were engaged, of whom only two hundred returned. The 17th Lancers were almost destroyed. We require reinforcements.*"

Nothing was said, or thought at that time, of the "six hundred" and "the cannons to the right of them" part of the episode, which simply read like a very unpleasant defeat occurring at a very unpleasant moment.

SUITABLE FOR THE WORK.

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown asked her husband.

"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone offices were aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labour, and they knew that women would be fond of the work in telephone offices."

"What is the work of a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired.

"Talking," answered Mr. Brown, and the conversation came to an end.

FREE GIFTS.

A quack doctor, while haranguing the populace at Bristol, the other day, said:

"To this place I owe my birth and education; I dearly love it and its inhabitants, and will cheerfully give a present of five shillings to everyone of you who will accept it."

The audience received this announcement with infinite satisfaction.

"Here, ladies and gentlemen," added he, putting his hand into a bag, and taking out a parcel of packets, "these inestimable medicines I usually sell at five-and-sixpence each, but in favour of this my native city I will let you have them at sixpence a piece."

The Mendicant: "Beg pardon, sir, but I haven't had anything to eat for a week."

The Philanthropist: "Let me congratulate you upon your success in so interesting an experiment. It must be a great saving to you, and I'm sure you're looking well."

"I am inexpressibly sorry, Mr. Smithers," she said, "to learn that when you called the other day Pincher bit you."

"Oh! that's all right," he said, with a forced effort to be cheerful.

"No, it isn't," she sobbed; "the poor little dog has been ill ever since."

SERVANTS MASTERS LIKE.

House Work as Viewed by a Mere Man.

There are certain sure ways of pleasing master, and equally sure ways of displeasing him. But they are the poles apart from the things that please or displease mistress.

In the first instance, master doesn't care a brass button how ninety per cent. of the house work is done. An undusted shelf will probably escape his notice altogether, and a smashed cup or basin will occur to him as a bit of a joke.

A servant's young man can call as often as he likes, provided master does not know about it through empty decanters, and a loss in cigars and tobacco.

But there are things far less serious than any of these which will simply drive a man crazy, upon which, as a master myself, I may offer servants a few hints.

One of these is a breakfast matter. Whatever you do, don't forget to place the newspaper on the table. A man robbed of his breakfast newspaper is like the proverbial bear robbed of her whelp. He won't notice how well everything else is laid, if the spoons and forks shine like mirrors, or the linen is as white as snow. But he will be furious if the paper is not there.

Never upset master's paper at breakfast, even if he has stood it against the dish cover. I have known a perfect servant dismissed on the spot for doing this.

Be wary and cautious about all matters concerned with boots. They are a very weak point with a master. Always clean them properly, and never let any other work interfere with the duty. Much better a badly swept room than a badly cleaned pair of boots.

Then, on no account be late with the boots. A man kept waiting a fraction of a second for his boots before running for his train or tram is a danger to society, which you should not cause to get loose.

Never place master's boots under the bed, where he has to stoop down and pick them up. Let them repose somewhere where they are to be seen and easily picked up.

Never hide master's slippers, even if you put them in a "proper place." Masters loathe the "proper place," especially when they are in a hurry.

Never "put things away" for master. He doesn't like it. If he leaves certain articles about in his room—collar studs, buttons, buttonhooks, nail scissors, and the like—leave them where he puts them. He will have a strange animal instinct where to find them, if he has placed them there himself; but once you start "tidying up," and place those things in drawers master doesn't think of, your happiness will be in peril.

A most important study is the art of bearing yourself when waiting at table. I have known many a servant earn her master's hatred by certain harmless little habits.

For instance, a servant I once knew, always used to listen to her master's conversation at table. She would always think master was addressing his remarks to herself, and turn round to hear them.

Her eyes would always be roaming round the room, and if a joke was uttered she would invariably laugh.

Now, a servant should never appear to notice what is being said at table. She should never laugh at a joke, and never appear to be "taking in" what is being said about the latest local scandal.

Let her take it in as much as she likes, but don't let it be suspected.

Never interfere in any way with master's writing materials. Don't "put away" loose sheets of paper that have writing on them, or letters of any kind. Leave them just where master places them, even if in disorder.

An excellent way to win master's good favour is to be handy in emergencies. One servant used to cover multitudes of other sins by always having a stamp when her master wanted it, and for that she was forgiven many other offences.

Don't be too regular with meals on a wet, foggy Sunday. If master has ordered breakfast at nine o'clock he will not be very angry if it is on the table at five minutes past.

When calling him on the day of rest, don't knock in a manner calculated to wake the dead. Reserve your spare energy for more important matters than dragging him up on Sunday.

Don't tell every seedy-looking caller that master is in, even if he is. Master would forgive you quite readily if you dissembled a bit over it, and said you'd see, even if it were the tax collector himself. But don't always judge by appearance.

A seedy-looking man may be your master's employer, as employers often are eccentric. Just be diplomatic, and avoid giving anything away. If the Prime Minister calls, don't let him go away without leaving an appointment, or message.

Always, in conclusion, remember that the master is the master, even if the mistress is also the mistress. Obey the mistress implicitly, but always appear to be obeying the master.

Count Vay de Vaya's description, in the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, of his audiences with the rulers of the Far East, forms one of the most unique magazine features ever published.

WHAT MOLES MEAN.

The Significance of these Marks on the Body.

ANY readers of *P.W.* who have no moles upon their bodies may count themselves as living phenomenons. But though it is not uncommon to find persons who declare they are without these curious marks, yet in practically every case they are mistaken.

A Sign of Strength.

It is indeed probable that no human being exists without such a birth mark. It may be so small as to escape notice, but it is there.

Most persons have more than one mole, and it is a most remarkable fact that an individual who has a mole on the face almost certainly has a corresponding mark on some other portion of the body.

For instance, if there be a mole on the forehead, there will be another on the chest. A mole on the nostril implies another on the shoulder blade, or on the arm between the shoulder and the elbow.

The Luckiest Sign of All.

A mole on the chin will have a corresponding one on one of the feet, while a mole on the neck answers to one on the thighs or arms, and moles on the ears to others on the ribs.

Moles never change. They are there at birth, and if the baby lives a hundred years, there is the same mole at death identical in shape and colour.

Little wonder, then, that there is a science of moles, the students of which believe that moles foretell more clearly the character and future of an individual than either palmistry or phrenology is able to do.

A Sign of Bad Temper.

Moles are usually either red, black, or yellow. The latter are known as honey-coloured. There are also, but rarely, violet-coloured moles. Some are flat, some raised like a wart.

The colour and shape of moles are in every case less important than their positions. Generally speaking, it may be said that those on the right side of the body are symbolical of good, while those on the left predict misfortune.

A student of the science can tell, from a study of the moles on the human body, the planetary influence under which the subject was born.

If the sun was in Aries the mark will be on the head, usually the left ear; if Leo was in the ascendant, the mark will be on the left breast.

A Sign of a Severe Illness.

The sign of the Fish governs the feet, and a mole on either foot is a good sign, its bearer being usually strong, clever and good-looking. In like manner the ascendancy at birth of the other signs of the Zodiac can be ascertained.

The luckiest mole a person can possess is one on the right hand side of the forehead. But its position, high or low, considerably alters its significance.

A Lover of Luxury.

It is best if close to the hair and high up. If honey-coloured, it is better than if it be black. It means money to either sex, and if raised above the skin, a happy marriage is likely to result.

To a woman such a mole, if honey-coloured, foretells a happy marriage. Should it be black she will probably become a widow, but marry a second time.

Moles on the left of the forehead have invariably a very different significance. If red, violent temper and its evil results are predicted in a man; or, if black, a treacherous and malicious disposition. To a woman, such a mole implies misfortune, poverty, and an unhappy marriage.

This Mole denotes Malice.

A mole just above the left temple means in particular severe illness.

Moles on the right and left eyelids have somewhat similar significance to those on the forehead. Those on the right lid signify wealth if honey-coloured, but if black an escape from misfortune for its possessor.

Moles on the nose are not, as a rule, lucky indications, though their position considerably alters their significance. A mole at the root of the nose, for instance, indicates a love of luxury.

A Sign of Illness to come.

A mole on the tip of the nose shows a malicious disposition, and one in the hollow of the left nostril, great danger from infectious diseases.

On the ear, a mole is far from being a desirable possession.

A mole on the lobe of the left ear is very unlucky.

Its possessor will probably poison somebody, either by accident or design, and such a mark on a similar part of the right ear indicates a dangerous fall or the causing of someone's death by accident.

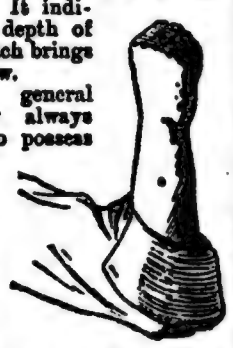
It is a curious fact that a large proportion of murderers have been found to possess moles in the centre of the throat. These indicate death by strangulation. A mole on the left side of the throat threatens danger from accident, and points particularly to death by drowning.

A Very Unlucky Sign.

Moles on the trunk are, roughly speaking, divided into two classes—right, lucky; left, unlucky. A mole in the centre of the chest is a sure sign of a luxurious, pleasure-loving temperament. A mole over the heart is a very rare possession. It indicates great depth of affection which brings with it sorrow.

This denotes Accident to its Owner.

A great general will nearly always be found to possess a red mole on the right arm. But a person who has a black mole on the lower right forearm should beware of wild animals. A wild beast is likely to cause death to the owner of such a birth mark.



Beware of Wild Animals with this Mole.

Moles on the spine are sure signs of extravagance, and a person possessing such a mole will in all probability go to reside abroad. The lower down on the spine, the worse is the significance of such a mole.

THE STONE FETCHED HIM.

AN undergraduate of Oxford was taking a detachment of strangers round to see the sights, and when he had exhausted the chapels and the cloistered shades, he brought them into the quadrangle of his own college.

"There is only one thing left for you to see," he said. "Look there; that is the window of my college tutor."

As the young man spoke, he picked up a pebble from the path and sent it crashing through the pane of glass. An elderly gentleman, in cap and gown, put his head out and shook his fist.

"I thought that would bring him out!" exclaimed the undergraduate in triumph. "That, ladies and gentleman, is my tutor himself."

SHE: "I sometimes wonder whether all those things you said to me were true."

HE: "What difference does it make? We both believed them."

"WELL, now that you are married do you find life a grand, sweet song?"

"Oh, no! The first thing I did after we got back from our honeymoon was to hide my wife's music."

SHOPMAN: "One hundred penny cigars. That will be eight-and-fourpence, please, madam."

LADY: "Thank you. Now, will you just put them in a Flor de Cuba box, because that's the only sort my husband really cares for!"

RISING YOUNG MAN: "How interesting. Then, my dear sir, you have really known what it is to suffer from hunger. I tell you, we young men nowadays have too easy a time! When was it, sir?"

Prosperous Business Man: "Last year, when I took an anti-fat cure."

LAWS WE DON'T KNOW.

Pitfalls which the Unwary Should Avoid.

ONLY a few months ago a man who arrived at Liverpool Street Station, London, with a typewriter in his hand, had to pay sixpence for it in default of having purchased a ticket.

He was so surprised that he wrote to the papers about it, but still the fact remains, that if anybody takes a typewriter by rail and does not take a ticket for it, the railway company is being defrauded.

There is a custom, now becoming very common, of not allowing admission to certain churches where a fashionable marriage is being celebrated, unless the person has a ticket. This admission regulated by ticket is by no means perfectly legal. If this act involves the exclusion of any parishioner who desires to attend the service the proceeding is entirely outside the law.

A contracting party to a marriage who has not been baptised cannot be married in a church. This caused considerable consternation at Godmanchester Church, where the banns in connection with a local marriage had been published in due form.

All the arrangements were made for the ceremony to take place, when it came to the knowledge of the vicar that one of the parties had not been baptised according to the rites of the Church of England. Thereupon the vicar declared himself unable to perform the ceremony in his church.

It is not widely known that a layman may solemnise a marriage. This is so, provided he has the consent of the pastor of a Nonconformist church. Then he can solemnise the marriage in place of the pastor if in the presence of the registrar.

A short time ago a registrar refused to allow a layman to officiate under such circumstances; the question was referred to the superintendent registrar. He replied that the official was entirely mistaken. In fact, it is perfectly legal for any person to solemnise a marriage provided the registrar is present.

It is an unwritten law that a doctor must not smoke in the streets while plying his profession. This was closely shown in a case by which a medical man sued another medical man who acted as his *locum tenens* at Wealdstone. This man took action to recover damages for neglect of duties which took place while the plaintiff was away on his holidays.

It was stated in the case that the *locum tenens* broke professional etiquette by smoking in the streets while visiting patients. It may be mentioned that in this case judgment was given for the plaintiff, with damages £5 and costs.

It is laid down that doctors should be dressed strictly as gentlemen. It is better that they should suffer the staid limitations of a troublesome black frock coat, than to appear in a check suit, for instance.

It is not generally known that a man can be fined for swearing in his own house. Certainly a man may swear in his own house if he thinks fit, but he must not raise his voice unduly. Not long ago a man was fined at Coventry because he swore in a high key to the annoyance of the public. This was in spite of the fact that he was in his own house the whole of the time.

Sometimes a bookmaker is not a bookmaker. It has been decided in court that a bookmaker may pay out his bets without committing an offence against the law. The police brought up a man, who had been caught red-handed in the act of receiving a slip of paper, and giving its bearer money.

The magistrate stated that, in accordance with the judgment given by five judges, paying a debt was not included in the legal phrase "for the purpose of betting." Therefore, his Worship dismissed the charge against the man.

While a milkman may sell milk on Sunday morning, still, he must complete his rounds by nine o'clock. This is the hour mentioned in the Act of Charles II., beyond which it is unlawful for such business to be carried on.

An innkeeper has the right to detain property in the event of a lodger refusing to pay the bill. This, however, is not so in the case of a keeper of lodgings.

Keepers of lodgings have no right to detain property. Thus it is that the law favours innkeepers, but not lodging-house keepers. This is due to a remnant of a curious old law.

An innkeeper is compelled to take in anybody who applies for lodgings provided there is room, and the person is in a fit state of health and able to pay, but there is no such obligation in the case of furnished residences. This is why it is that they have no power to stop luggage when a dispute arises.

Even about shopping, many ladies are entirely ignorant of the law on the subject. It may be mentioned that a lady has not the right to order a thing one day and to change her mind about taking it the next day.

In a case where a lady has agreed to buy an article for a certain price, at which the shopkeeper said he was willing to sell upon credit, the contract between the parties is quite complete. There is no necessity for it to be in writing, and it cannot be cancelled without the consent of both parties.

In the case where goods are of the value of £10 or over, there must be a memorandum in writing, or there must be part payment for the goods, or the acceptance of some or all of them.

Blanche Kardley—the writer of "Tinsel Triumphs"—contributes a story to the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

I Explore Moscow

Mr. P. Doubleyou Visits the Palace of a Hooligan Millionaire.

I HEAR very little about the war. Judging by the unsensational appearance of the newspapers, Moscow does not bother its head about the Far East, its theory being that "Our Lord, Nicholas the Second, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russians," is sending an "expedition" to Eastern Asia to chastise a collection of savage tribes who live somewhere on a group of islands much smaller than the province of Archangel.

The papers publish the news of battles without any headlines, and they are filled chiefly, not with news from the Front, but with burning declarations of loyalty and devotion, addressed by various provincial bodies to the Imperator. Most of these addresses begin with the words:

"All-Enlightening, Most Gracious, and Glorious Gosudar," and end with a declaration that "Mighty Russia, which routed the French, the Swedes, and the Turks, will devour the yellow Asiatics."

My student takes things more seriously. He burst into my room at half-past seven this morning, and shouted in my ear:

"I have it. The Japontsi are khuligani. I have

been thinking it out all night."

He explained that "khuligan," an English word, used to designate rowdies and footpads, was taken into the Russian language about a year ago, and was a very fashionable term of abuse, and counterpoise to "little turtle-dove."

At breakfast he sat opposite to me, ate nothing, and fidgeted, exclaiming every five minutes: "I knew I would get a good word. The Japontsi are khuligani—the yellow, howling hooligans of the East."

He then declared that he would show me something in Moscow that no Englishman had ever seen; and, as we drove over the brown, dust-like snow, explained that we were going to the house of a wealthy Russian trader of the old school. His uncle, as he described him, lived in the Zamoskvaretche, or district south of the Moskva River, and might possibly allow me to enter his house.

I learnt that Moscow merchants of the old school live in purely Asiatic style. They often amass millions, but continue to wear belted caftans and slippers, to seclude their womenfolk, and to let no one, except relatives, ever enter their doors.

We crossed the Moskva River, and whirled through broad roads shut in by such high wooden fences that only the

tops of the houses were visible.

At last we drew up suddenly before a high, spiked gate, on the right-hand post of which was printed "Dom Kulatchnikoffs," or "Mr. Kulatchnikoff's House." Russian houses are never numbered, but have the owner's name and the word "dom" inscribed over the gate.

In response to our ring, a soldierly-looking dvornik, with a brass medallion on his cap, thrust his head out of the wicket-gate, and asked: "What do you want?" Then, seeing my student, he exclaimed "Illarion Galaktionovitch" (that, I discovered, is part of M. Dobroliuboff's name), and admitted us into a big, snow-covered yard, at the back of which stood a magnificent two-storied building, with about twenty windows in front.

A footman in blue plush livery opened the door, and after keeping us waiting about ten minutes while he ran up and down the stairs, ushered us into a reception room.

I expected Oriental luxury. To my amazement, I found myself in a little smoky room, with a worn carpet, three damaged cane-bottomed chairs, and some pictures torn out of the ILLUSTRIROVANNI VIESTNIK stuck on the walls. The room was filthy, the window-panes opaque with dirt, and unwashed

plates and teacups sprawled everywhere.

A minute later in came the owner of this astonishing palace—a little, grey-bearded man, in a skull cap, and a long, greasy caftan. He kissed my student. From all appearances he had not washed himself recently.

We talked. He said that he had dealings with England through a German agent, but had never heard of "*Pirson's Wickli.*" He once saw a copy of the "TAIMES" in St. Petersburg. He then proceeded to make tea in a dirty pewter teapot, and after regaling us with this out of two odd mugs, gripped my fingers in his grimy paw, and said "Prostchaite!" (Good-bye).

My student hesitated. He caught hold of the old man's sleeve, and took him aside. After long whispering, Mr. Kulatchnikoff said "Poidite" (Come), and led us up a broad staircase, with marble banisters, but with the carpeting covered up with holland. When he got to the top, he bowed, flung open two doors, and said, "Go in!"

I entered a magnificent drawing-room, with valuable-looking but gaudy ornaments scattered everywhere. But all the furniture was covered up. After more whispering, Mr. Kulatchnikoff removed the covers, and I saw a magnificent suite of chairs, buhl cabinets, curious sofas and divans inlaid with ivory, and Persian rugs woven of pure silk.

We then walked through several richly-furnished bedrooms, in which evidently no one ever slept, and proceeded to a billiard-room, which was formally unlocked for our benefit.

I began to wonder where Madame Kulatchnikoff and all the little Kulatchnikoffs were. But at last we returned to the dirty dining-room, and then a withered old lady came in, followed by four very pretty girls and a boy in the uniform of the secondary schools. All bowed, defiled solemnly before me, bowed again, and left the room. The old man again gripped my fingers, and repeated "Prostchaite!"

As we drove back to lunch, my student informed me that that was how the Russian "kuptsi" (traders) lived. They built magnificent palaces, but lived in two or three dirty, poky rooms, and opened the others only for a day or two when some religious or family festival was being celebrated.

The women were seldom seen; and it was only on the assurance that I was leaving Moscow in a few days that the old man

agreed to show me his house.

He went on to say that the Moscow merchants are mostly "starovieri," or Old Believers, and are persecuted by the Government. Some sections of them hold strange and unholy "religious" orgies in secret places, and they are often caught and imprisoned by the police.

His uncle was worth two million roubles (£200,000), but, apart from the education of his children, on which he spent money lavishly, the whole expense of keeping up his palace did not come to £300 a year.

Strange customs still flourish among these Moscow merchants. Marrying and giving in marriage is done exclusively by the parents. The bride and bridegroom seldom see one another more than once before marriage, and then only in the presence of the elders.

The negotiations are carried on altogether by a "svakha," or professional matchmaker, who is always a woman. She is paid by results, taking a fee proportionate with the wealth of the families concerned. The dowry is universal.

Only a few years ago a still stranger practice existed. On Easter Sunday all the rich girls of the trading class were driven past the Kremlin in open carriages, their names, addresses, and the amount of their dowries being printed on a white card

pasted on the door of the carriage.

The young men desirous of marrying stood in a row, and watched the carriages driving past, and if they saw any girl who united beauty with wealth, they immediately sent a "svakha" to negotiate with the parents.

"But this good old practice has died out," said my student sorrowfully.

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"My Best Sporting Yarns"—a splendid collection of exciting tales by Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks—appears in the April number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

WHIPS THAT TALK.

The Secret Language of 'Bus Drivers.

SECRET methods of communication are known in most spheres of life, and the drivers of public vehicles in the Metropolis have made the language of whips almost a science.

Most Londoners are familiar with the tap of the whip against the side of the 'bus, which signifies to the conductor that a probable passenger is waiting to be picked up. But the majority of people do not know that there exists among the drivers of 'buses, cabs, and trams a regular code of signals communicated by a particular movement of the whip.

"Be[illegible] the bobby."

When the driver of a 'bus or tram car wishes to inform the conductor of a car passing in the opposite direction that an inspector of tickets, or, to use the shibboleth of the fraternity, a "jumper," is waiting further along the road, the information need not be communicated by voice. All that is necessary is three distinct raps with the handle of the whip against the side of the car.

"You'd better be careful."

Should it be necessary to inform another driver that an obnoxious policeman anxious to gain promotion is on point duty along the route, the information is conveyed in an equally simple manner.

The lash is casually curled round the neck, and the driver, receiving the tip, acknowledges his thanks for "information received" by dipping his own whip, just as a flag salute is given in the Navy.

Little courtesies and insults frequently pass between drivers without the fares having the slightest knowledge of the fact. A sharp elevation of the whip held perpendicularly has ere now led to a bout with the fists after the day's work is over.

"Hallo! old chap!"

On the other hand, a similar motion of the whip, held horizontally, is a friendly greeting between two old comrades.

An invitation to refreshment after the day's toil is given to a fellow-driver by a circular action of the whip.

The majority of the drivers of public vehicles take a pecuniary interest in the sport of kings, and on a big race day tips are frequently conveyed from one to the other by means of the whip alone. This is done by a crude drawing in the air of the first letter of the particular horse's name.

"Pirate ahead."

Most of the large firms of 'bus providers have a number of private detectives in their employment, whose duty it is to watch the conductors and drivers of vehicles. Any little act of dishonesty on the part of the former, or any discourtesy of the latter, is promptly reported to headquarters.

Should a driver recognise one of these "narks," as these private detectives are styled by employés, he communicates the fact to the conductor by a solitary, sharp tap with the butt of the whip on the footboard.

If a pirate 'bus is waiting along the road, any friendly driver of a vehicle going in that direction is warned of the fact by the whip being laid on the right-hand shoulder.

A similar action on the left-hand shoulder, with the whip held in the right hand, indicates that an exceptionally disagreeable inspector is waiting along the route.

Changing the whip from the right hand to the left informs a passing driver that the previous 'bus has been behind time at the terminus, and that the driver has been reported.

"Look out for the Inspector."

An accident is reported by the holding of the whip horizontally on a level with the eyes. A sharp dipping of the whip first to the left, and then to the right, warns a passing driver that a block in the traffic has occurred further along the roadway.

If the driver of a 'bus jerks his whip sharply over the left shoulder, he is inviting a colleague to call at his home the same evening. The same action over the right shoulder means that he will call upon his chum that night.

"There's been an accident."

A 'bus driver who has had a disappointing day informs a fellow-driver by grasping his whip in the middle of the handle, and see-sawing it gently.

Private messages of all sorts are conveyed between chums by means of this whip language. The signs, however, vary considerably, but are as easily interpreted by those who receive them as are the code words of a cablegram by a skilled operator.

Inquiries as to domestic affairs, little love episodes, finances, and other topics are asked and answered by means of the whip as readily as if they were conveyed by Marconigrams.

ALL GOOD TO EAT.

MISTRESS: "Are these the apples I sent you to get?"

Bridget: "They are that same."

Mistress: "Why have you bitten them all?"

Bridget: "Sure, mum, ye tould me to get nothin' but good atin' apples, so I tasted ivery wan iv them."

HIS IMPRESSIVE NAME.

THERE was once a romantic damsel whose cup of joy was filled when she met a man named Horatio Engelcourt Llanseville de Breau.

"What a magnificent name!" she sighed. "Ah, the grandeur of it! If he were but mine!"

And so she set her cap at him. In time he was hers. And the only time she ever addressed him by his full name was when she put it on the envelopes containing her passionate letters. In the letters and in her daily speech she called him "Toodles."

This shows that there is much in a name until we decide upon a more appropriate one.

FILLED EVERY WANT.

MRS. DE FLAT: "Have you anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer: "Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bath-tub. After your bath you touch another spring and it becomes a dressing-table, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."

MISS BUDD: "Do you approve of early marriages?"

Mrs. Malaprop: "Not too early. I should say not before noon."

"DON'T you think Maud's affection for athletics is a pretence?"

"No, I do not. I know she is engaged to a whole football eleven."

KIND-HEARTED OLD GENT: "Your story is, indeed, a sad one. And how did you lose your husband?"

Applicant for Relief: "Please, sor, he wor killed while testin' a life-savin' apparatus."

A SOLICITOR, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her.

"Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

MAKING BLACK MEN WHITE.

Wonders that Radium is Capable of Doing.

THE time is coming when we can dispense with fires in our homes, their accompanying smoke and grime, and occasional coal bills. All we shall need to do then will be to purchase our chunk of radium and place it in our fire-grate. Once purchased, it needs no further outlay. It lasts practically for ever, and its heat is always constant and lasting.

This marvellous property of radium opens up immense possibilities. Our coal supply is slowly but unmistakably diminishing. Its price, too, is increasing.

Think, then, of the enormous advantages to railway and steamship companies, to proprietors of factories—in fact, to all owners of machinery at present driven at great expense by means of coal, electricity, or gas—were it possible to substitute a few grains of the mysterious metal. The whole industrial world would be revolutionised.

In the future our homes will be lighted by it, our motor-cars driven by it, our food cooked by it.

In the solution of aerial flight it will produce the one thing necessary—an inexhaustible and almost weightless motive power. Radium will play a great part in the propulsion of airships and submarines.

As a revolution will be caused in the industrial world, so some day there will be a revolution in the world of surgery and medicine.

In Russia, by means of radium, a noted scientist has made sight possible to two boys of eleven and thirteen years, who had been blind from the first year of their lives. Even at the first trial the boys were able to distinguish objects in the room, in a few weeks they learnt the Russian alphabet, and were soon able to read.

Dr. A. Darier, the eminent oculist, has also performed some wonderful cures. Quite recently he treated a case of rodent ulcer, where the patient had suffered from pains so intolerable that for months he had not enjoyed a single night's rest. His agony was instantaneously and completely cured by means of the yellow atom. In another case Dr. Darier cured a woman who had long been a sufferer with epileptic fits and giddiness.

Every up-to-date hospital has radium in its laboratory. At the Middlesex Hospital, not long ago, two sufferers with lupus were successfully treated; so, too, was a patient in Scotland after four weeks' usage.

Typhoid, anthrax, and cholera bacilli have been destroyed by it, thus showing its possibility to cure those diseases. The dread scourges of cancer and consumption will, it is also asserted, be compelled very soon to give way to the mighty powers of the wonderful metal.

In nasal and throat troubles, where there is little room for the surgeon to operate, radium has again been found of the greatest advantage.

But perhaps the most curious instance of radium's influence was in taming a violent-tempered husband. The cure was accomplished by Dr. Darier.

This husband suffered from strange somnambulistic attacks, during which he would get up, maltreat his wife, and break everything within reach. He would then leave the house for two or three hours, and would return home to again fall asleep. So frequent did these violent fits become that his wife left him.

Coming to Dr. Darier, the bad-tempered husband was treated with radium applications for twelve days. At the end of that time he was completely cured, and his wife returned to him. In the preservation of food radium has also been used with great success.

Recently Mr. Hugo Lieber, a well-known New York chemist, announced that he had preserved soup, fruit, eggs, milk, and meat for a period of two months without any sign whatever of deterioration.

To further test his discovery he inoculated the soup with mould, the product of bacteria grown in infected food. In the jar containing the soup, which was exposed to the air and kept at a temperature of 80 deg., he placed a small tube of radium. At the end of the two months the mould had not increased and had lost its power to infect the food.

Photography has a new field open to it by the discovery of radium. By means of the rays which the salts of radium emit actual photographs have been taken, which, though not photographs in the ordinary sense of the word so much as shadow pictures, are like those produced by Rontgen rays. One day our surgeons will dispense with the cumbrous X-ray apparatus in favour of a tiny capsule of radium salt.

And now it is said that by means of radium and X-rays combined it is possible to make black men white—that the negro can change his colour.

The chemistry department of the University of California are conducting a number of experiments upon the colouring cells of the skin, and are hopeful of success. Should this be possible, it will have tremendous consequences in America, where the racial feeling between black and white is very acute.

At any rate, a French scientist, M. Danis, has succeeded in changing the colour of mice upon which he experimented.

Placing a tube of radium in their cage for periods of from fourteen to fifteen hours, he noticed two days afterwards that the mice began to lose their hair, and that when it grew again it was of a different colour. Instead of grey the mice were now white. The success of these experiments has stimulated scientists to attempt the same kind of thing upon negroes.

Hints on what to get for a wedding outfit are given in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

I Explore Moscow

Mr. P. Doubleyou Visits the Palace of a Hooligan Millionaire.

I HEAR very little about the war. Judging by the unsensational appearance of the newspapers, Moscow does not bother its head about the Far East, its theory being that "Our Lord, Nicholas the Second, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russians," is sending an "expedition" to Eastern Asia to chastise a collection of savage tribes who live somewhere on a group of islands much smaller than the province of Archangel.

The papers publish the news of battles without any headlines, and they are filled chiefly, not with news from the Front, but with burning declarations of loyalty and devotion, addressed by various provincial bodies to the Imperator. Most of these addresses begin with the words:

"All-Enlightening, Most Gracious, and Glorious Gosudar," and end with a declaration that "Mighty Russia, which routed the French, the Swedes, and the Turks, will devour the yellow Asiatics."

My student takes things more seriously. He burst into my room at half-past seven this morning, and shouted in my ear:

"I have it. The Japontsi are khuligani. I have

been thinking it out all night."

He explained that "khuligan," an English word, used to designate rowdies and footpads, was taken into the Russian language about a year ago, and was a very fashionable term of abuse, and counterpoise to "little turtle-dove."

At breakfast he sat opposite to me, ate nothing, and fidgeted, exclaiming every five minutes: "I knew I would get a good word. The Japontsi are khuligani—the yellow, howling hooligans of the East."

He then declared that he would show me something in Moscow that no Englishman had ever seen; and, as we drove over the brown, dust-like snow, explained that we were going to the house of a wealthy Russian trader of the old school. His uncle, as he described him, lived in the Zamoskvaretche, or district south of the Moskva River, and might possibly allow me to enter his house.

I learnt that Moscow merchants of the old school live in purely Asiatic style. They often amass millions, but continue to wear belted caftans and slippers, to seclude their womenfolk, and to let no one, except relatives, ever enter their doors.

We crossed the Moskva River, and whirled through broad roads shut in by such high wooden fences that only the

tops of the houses were visible.

At last we drew up suddenly before a high, spiked gate, on the right-hand post of which was printed "Dom Kulatchnikoffa," or "Mr. Kulatchnikoff's House." Russian houses are never numbered, but have the owner's name and the word "dom" inscribed over the gate.

In response to our ring, a soldierly-looking dvornik, with a brass medallion on his cap, thrust his head out of the wicket-gate, and asked: "What do you want?" Then, seeing my student, he exclaimed "Illarion Galaktionovitch" (that, I discovered, is part of M. Dobroliuboff's name), and admitted us into a big, snow-covered yard, at the back of which stood a magnificent two-storied building, with about twenty windows in front.

A footman in blue plush livery opened the door, and after keeping us waiting about ten minutes while he ran up and down the stairs, ushered us into a reception room.

I expected Oriental luxury. To my amazement, I found myself in a little smoky room, with a worn carpet, three damaged cane-bottomed chairs, and some pictures torn out of the ILLUSTRIROVANNI VIESTNIK stuck on the walls. The room was filthy, the window-panes opaque with dirt, and unwashed

plates and teacups sprawled everywhere.

A minute later in came the owner of this astonishing palace—a little, grey-bearded man, in a skull cap, and a long, greasy caftan. He kissed my student. From all appearances he had not washed himself recently.

We talked. He said that he had dealings with England through a German agent, but had never heard of "*Pirson's Wickli.*" He once saw a copy of the "TAIMES" in St. Petersburg. He then proceeded to make tea in a dirty pewter teapot, and after regaling us with this out of two odd mugs, gripped my fingers in his grimy paw, and said "Prostchaite!" (Good-bye).

My student hesitated. He caught hold of the old man's sleeve, and took him aside. After long whispering, Mr. Kulatchnikoff said "Poidite" (Come), and led us up a broad staircase, with marble banisters, but with the carpeting covered up with holland. When he got to the top, he bowed, flung open two doors, and said, "Go in!"

I entered a magnificent drawing-room, with valuable-looking but gaudy ornaments scattered everywhere. But all the furniture was covered up. After more whispering, Mr. Kulatchnikoff removed the covers, and I saw a magnificent suite of chairs, buhl cabinets, curious sofas and divans inlaid with ivory, and Persian rugs woven of pure silk.

We then walked through several richly-furnished bedrooms, in which evidently no one ever slept, and proceeded to a billiard-room, which was formally unlocked for our benefit.

I began to wonder where Madame Kulatchnikoff and all the little Kulatchnikoffs were. But at last we returned to the dirty dining-room, and then a withered old lady came in, followed by four very pretty girls and a boy in the uniform of the secondary schools. All bowed, defiled solemnly before me, bowed again, and left the room. The old man again gripped my fingers, and repeated "Prostchaite!"

As we drove back to lunch, my student informed me that that was how the Russian "kuptsi" (traders) lived. They built magnificent palaces, but lived in two or three dirty, poky rooms, and opened the others only for a day or two when some religious or family festival was being celebrated.

The women were seldom seen; and it was only on the assurance that I was leaving Moscow in a few days that the old man

agreed to show me his house.

He went on to say that the Moscow merchants are mostly "starovieri," or Old Believers, and are persecuted by the Government. Some sections of them hold strange and unholy "religious" orgies in secret places, and they are often caught and imprisoned by the police.

His uncle was worth two million roubles (£200,000), but, apart from the education of his children, on which he spent money lavishly, the whole expense of keeping up his palace did not come to £300 a year.

Strange customs still flourish among these Moscow merchants. Marrying and giving in marriage is done exclusively by the parents. The bride and bridegroom seldom see one another more than once before marriage, and then only in the presence of the elders.

The negotiations are carried on altogether by a "svakha," or professional matchmaker, who is always a woman. She is paid by results, taking a fee proportionate with the wealth of the families concerned. The dowry is universal.

Only a few years ago a still stranger practice existed. On Easter Sunday all the rich girls of the trading class were driven past the Kremlin in open carriages, their names, addresses, and the amount of their dowries being printed on a white card

pasted on the door of the carriage.

The young men desirous of marrying stood in a row, and watched the carriages driving past, and if they saw any girl who united beauty with wealth, they immediately sent a "svakha" to negotiate with the parents. "But this good old practice has died out," said my student sorrowfully.

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At the end of that time the tenant was only too glad to make terms. The neighbours, however, were enraged at the noise, and the musical landlord was arrested.

There is another East End rent-collector, a particularly stalwart young man, who was formerly a bar manager. Each Saturday he makes a round of his employer's houses, and standing on the first-floor blows blasts on a whistle of peculiar shrillness. Aware that he will stand no nonsense, the tenants come out with their rent with very little delay.

"My Best Sporting Yarns"—a splendid collection of exciting tales by Brigadier-General Sir James Willcocks—appears in the April number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

WHIPS THAT TALK.

The Secret Language of 'Bus Drivers.

SECRET methods of communication are known in most spheres of life, and the drivers of public vehicles in the Metropolis have made the language of whips almost a science.

Most Londoners are familiar with the tap of the whip against the side of the 'bus, which signifies to the conductor that a probable passenger is waiting to be picked up. But the majority of people do not know that there exists among the drivers of 'buses, cabs, and trams a regular code of signals communicated by a particular movement of the whip.

"Be[illegible] the bobby."

When the driver of a 'bus or tram car wishes to inform the conductor of a car passing in the opposite direction that an inspector of tickets, or, to the use the shibboleth of the fraternity, a "jumper," is waiting further along the road, the information need not be communicated by voice. All that is necessary is three distinct raps with the handle of the whip against the side of the car.

"You'd better be careful."

Should it be necessary to inform another driver that an obnoxious policeman anxious to gain promotion is on point duty along the route, the information is conveyed in an equally simple manner.

The lash is casually curled round the neck, and the driver, receiving the tip, acknowledges his thanks for "information received" by dipping his own whip, just as a flag salute is given in the Navy.

Little courtesies and insults frequently pass between drivers without the knowledge of the fact. A sharp elevation of the whip held perpendicularly has ere now led to a bout with the fists after the day's work is over.

"Hallo! old chap!"

On the other hand, a similar motion of the whip, held horizontally, is a friendly greeting between two old comrades.

An invitation to refreshment after the day's toil is given to a fellow-driver by a circular action of the whip.

The majority of the drivers of public vehicles take a pecuniary interest in the sport of kings, and on a big race day tips are frequently conveyed from one to the other by means of the whip alone. This is done by a crude drawing in the air of the first letter of the particular horse's name.

"Pirate ahead."

Most of the large firms of 'bus providers have a number of private detectives in their employment, whose duty it is to watch the conductors and drivers of vehicles. Any little act of dishonesty on the part of the former, or any discourtesy of the latter, is promptly reported to headquarters.

Should a driver recognise one of these "narks," as these private detectives are styled by employés, he communicates the fact to the conductor by a solitary, sharp tap with the butt of the whip on the footboard.

If a pirate 'bus is waiting along the road, any friendly driver of a vehicle going in that direction is warned of the fact by the whip being laid on the right-hand shoulder.

A similar action on the left-hand shoulder, with the whip held in the right hand, indicates that an exceptionally disagreeable inspector is waiting along the route.

Changing the whip from the right hand to the left informs a passing driver that the previous 'bus has been behind time at the terminus, and that the driver has been reported.

"Look out for the Inspector."

An accident is reported by the holding of the whip horizontally on a level with the eyes. A sharp dipping of the whip first to the left, and then to the right, warns a passing driver that a block in the traffic has occurred further along the roadway.

If the driver of a 'bus jerks his whip sharply over the left shoulder, he is inviting a colleague to call at his home the same evening. The same action over the right shoulder means that he will call upon his chum that night.

"There's been an accident."

A 'bus driver who has had a disappointing day informs a fellow-driver by grasping his whip in the middle of the handle, and see-sawing it gently.

Private messages of all sorts are conveyed between chums by means of this whip language. The signs, however, vary considerably, but are as easily interpreted by those who receive them as are the code words of a cablegram by a skilled operator.

Inquiries as to domestic affairs, little love episodes, finances, and other topics are asked and answered by means of the whip as readily as if they were conveyed by Marconigrams.

ALL GOOD TO EAT.

MISTRESS: "Are these the apples I sent you to get?"

Bridget: "They are that same."

Mistress: "Why have you bitten them all?"

Bridget: "Sure, mum, ye tould me to get nothin' but good atin' apples, so I tasted ivery wan iv them."

HIS IMPRESSIVE NAME.

THERE was once a romantic damsel whose cup of joy was filled when she met a man named Horatio Engelcourt Llanseville de Breau.

"What a magnificent name!" she sighed. "Ah, the grandeur of it! If he were but mine!"

And so she set her cap at him. In time he was hers. And the only time she ever addressed him by his full name was when she put it on the envelopes containing her passionate letters. In the letters and in her daily speech she called him "Toodles."

This shows that there is much in a name until we decide upon a more appropriate one.

FILLED EVERY WANT.

MRS. DE FLAT: "Have you anything new in folding beds?"

Dealer: "Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring, and it turns into a washstand and bath-tub. After your bath you touch another spring and it becomes a dressing-table, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once, and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin."

MISS BUND: "Do you approve of early marriages?"

MRS. Malaprop: "Not too early. I should say not before noon."

"DON'T you think Maud's affection for athletics is a pretence?"

"No, I do not. I know she is engaged to a whole football eleven."

KIND-HEARTED OLD GENT: "Your story is, indeed, a sad one. And how did you lose your husband?"

Applicant for Relief: "Please, sor, he wor killed while testin' a life-savin' apparatus."

A SOLICITOR, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her.

"Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

MAKING BLACK MEN WHITE.

Wonders that Radium is Capable of Doing.

THE time is coming when we can dispense with fires in our homes, their accompanying smoke and grime, and occasional coal bills. All we shall need to do then will be to purchase our chunk of radium and place it in our fire-grate. Once purchased, it needs no further outlay. It lasts practically for ever, and its heat is always constant and lasting.

This marvellous property of radium opens up immense possibilities. Our coal supply is slowly but unmistakably diminishing. Its price, too, is increasing.

Think, then, of the enormous advantages to railway and steamship companies, to proprietors of factories—in fact, to all owners of machinery at present driven at great expense by means of coal, electricity, or gas—were it possible to substitute a few grains of the mysterious metal. The whole industrial world would be revolutionised.

In the future our homes will be lighted by it, our motor-cars driven by it, our food cooked by it.

In the solution of aerial flight it will produce the one thing necessary—an inexhaustible and almost weightless motive power. Radium will play a great part in the propulsion of airships and submarines.

As a revolution will be caused in the industrial world, so some day there will be a revolution in the world of surgery and medicine.

In Russia, by means of radium, a noted scientist has made sight possible to two boys of eleven and thirteen years, who had been blind from the first year of their lives. Even at the first trial the boys were able to distinguish objects in the room, in a few weeks they learnt the Russian alphabet, and were soon able to read.

Dr. A. Darier, the eminent oculist, has also performed some wonderful cures. Quite recently he treated a case of rodent ulcer, where the patient had suffered from pains so intolerable that for months he had not enjoyed a single night's rest. His agony was instantaneously and completely cured by means of the yellow atom. In another case Dr. Darier cured a woman who had long been a sufferer with epileptic fits and giddiness.

Every up-to-date hospital has radium in its laboratory. At the Middlesex Hospital, not long ago, two sufferers with lupus were successfully treated; so, too, was a patient in Scotland after four weeks' usage.

Typhoid, anthrax, and cholera bacilli have been destroyed by it, thus showing its possibility to cure those diseases. The dread scourges of cancer and consumption will, it is also asserted, be compelled very soon to give way to the mighty powers of the wonderful metal.

In nasal and throat troubles, where there is little room for the surgeon to operate, radium has again been found of the greatest advantage.

But perhaps the most curious instance of radium's influence was in taming a violent-tempered husband. The cure was accomplished by Dr. Darier.

This husband suffered from strange somnambulistic attacks, during which he would get up, maltreat his wife, and break everything within reach. He would then leave the house for two or three hours, and would return home to again fall asleep. So frequent did these violent fits become that his wife left him.

Coming to Dr. Darier, the bad-tempered husband was treated with radium applications for twelve days. At the end of that time he was completely cured, and his wife returned to him. In the preservation of food radium has also been used with great success.

Recently Mr. Hugo Lieber, a well-known New York chemist, announced that he had preserved soup, fruit, eggs, milk, and meat for a period of two months without any sign whatever of deterioration.

To further test his discovery he inoculated the soup with mould, the product of bacteria grown in infected food. In the jar containing the soup, which was exposed to the air and kept at a temperature of 80 deg., he placed a small tube of radium. At the end of the two months the mould had not increased and had lost its power to infect the food.

Photography has a new field open to it by the discovery of radium. By means of the rays which the salts of radium emit actual photographs have been taken, which, though not photographs in the ordinary sense of the word so much as shadow pictures, are like those produced by Rontgen rays. One day our surgeons will dispense with the cumbrous X-ray apparatus in favour of a tiny capsule of radium salt.

And now it is said that by means of radium and X-rays combined it is possible to make black men white—that the negro can change his colour.

The chemistry department of the University of California are conducting a number of experiments upon the colouring cells of the skin, and are hopeful of success. Should this be possible, it will have tremendous consequences in America, where the racial feeling between black and white is very acute.

At any rate, a French scientist, M. Danis, has succeeded in changing the colour of mice upon which he experimented.

Placing a tube of radium in their cage for period from fourteen to fifteen hours, he noticed twenty[illegible] afterwards that the mice began to lose their fur. [illegible] that when it grew again it was of a different colour. Instead of grey the mice were now white. The success of these experiments has stimulated scientists to attempt the same kind of thing upon negroes.

Hints on what to get for a wedding outfit are given in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

The First Railway-Carriage Murder.

Franz Muller, a German, was the first of the series of "railway-carriage-murderers." He originated the "industry," in 1864.

A criminal by profession and inclination, he was, nevertheless, not a bad-looking man. His countenance was florid and open, his hair a light flaxen, eyes blue.

In stature he was short, and his legs were too light for the upper part of his body, which was powerful, almost herculean.

Such, in appearance, was the wild beast in human shape, that in the dark hours of the evening prowled about Fenchurch Street station, peering now into this first-class compartment, now into that, in search of his quarry.

He found it at last in Mr. Thomas Briggs, chief cashier in a Lombard Street bank.

As this gentleman opened a door to enter the train, Muller's quick eye noted that there was no other traveller in the compartment he selected.

Accordingly, the German waited till Mr. Briggs was comfortably seated, and then, just as the train was starting, he leapt in after him.

What happened next can be easily guessed, although the actual details of the crime remained to the end

locked in the criminal's own breast.

Mr. Briggs' dead body was discovered within half an hour, lying by the side of the track close to Victoria Park.

The pockets had been rifled and turned inside out. Deceased's watch and chain, and other jewellery, were missing.

The top of the skull had been smashed in by a series of terrific blows from some hard, blunt instrument.

Of course, it became evident at once that a ghastly tragedy had been enacted.

Meanwhile the train had arrived at Hackney, and the compartment in which the murder had been committed was carefully searched by the police.

Blood was everywhere about its interior. The cushions were torn and muddy. While beneath one of the seats was found a soft felt hat—not Mr. Briggs'.

This was the only clue the authorities had to go upon. But it was enough, as it turned out in the end.

A certain "Dick" Tanner, then reckoned one of the most skilful detectives in the "Yard," was placed in charge of the case. This officer soon succeeded in eliciting some important information. It is, or was, an open secret that a few chance words, dropped

in a Soho drinking den

by a German gambler known to his "pals" as "Pretzel Dick," first set the famous detective on the right scent.

As is usual when a sensational crime of this description is exciting unusual public interest, the Press started all sorts of theories, and that ubiquitous individual, the amateur detective, directed his inquiries in every direction but the right one.

Meanwhile Inspector Tanner frequented the foreign colony at Soho night and day, drinking, or pretending to drink, at low night clubs, conversing with each and every member of the vast agglomeration of international scum that was wont then, as now, to make that particular district of London its headquarters.

To follow his inquiries step by step would occupy too much space, but the result of his efforts was to trace part of the stolen watch-chain to the shop of a Cheapside jeweller, named Death.

He also got into communication with the maker of the hat left in the carriage, and which, presumably, of course,

belonged to the murderer.

Pursuing his inquiries further, the cautious detective unearthed a cabman named Jonathan Matthews, of Lisson Grove, who, after some pressure, confessed that a certain Franz Muller, who lodged at his house at the time of the tragedy, had mysteriously disappeared, having previously become possessed of jewellery and money for which he could not account.

Other facts were soon forthcoming connecting the German with the murder; but that worthy had fled the country, sailing for America in a ship called the *Victoria*.

Nothing daunted, Inspector Tanner embarked from Liverpool in the steamship *City of Manchester*, which was expected to reach New York four days before the *Victoria*.

The detective had in his pocket a warrant for the suspected man's arrest, and was accompanied by Sergeant Clarke, Mr. Death, and the cabman.

Their plans did not fail, and Muller was duly arrested, extradited, and brought back to England.

His return here caused the wildest excitement; dense crowds awaited the arrival of the *Etna* at Liverpool with the prisoner on board, and still larger and more tumultuous assemblages greeted him at every stopping place on his way to the Metropolis.

After a long trial the wretched criminal was found guilty and sentenced to the gallows, maintaining his innocence to the last, and "sustaining his fortitude in the face of an early and ignominious death, in a manner that called forth the unwilling admiration of the spectators."

As the time for the execution drew near it became evident that if the authorities did not wish to invite a catastrophe, they would have to make extra preparations to control the vast crowds that were certain to assemble.

Accordingly the space in front of the Old Bailey was penned out with strong barricades, and into these improvised shambles the concourse of men, women, and children poured. So early as five o'clock on the previous evening numbers had taken their places, and as the night wore away, and the crowd behind grew denser and more impatient, many people fell or were crushed against the barriers.

Fights and hustlings for the purpose of robbery were incessant as the crucial moment drew nigh, and were actually in operation when the bell was tolling, and when the

cry of "hats off" had commenced.

Presently the hangman's head appeared above the scaffold to reconnoitre, and a terrific yell went up from the mob, which was renewed with tenfold intensity when Muller himself appeared.

But it was quickly seen that the wonderful nerve of the man showed even then no signs of giving way.

In the presence of a hundred thousand people thirsting for his blood, and giving vent to their hatred in such frightful yells and imprecations as caused even hardened officials to grow pale and tremble, Muller alone was calm and nonchalant.

Once or twice, while waiting the final preparations, he raised his eyes, with a kind of mild curiosity, to the chain depending from the beam high above his head.

Just before the drop Muller confessed his guilt to the German minister of religion who attended him.

His exact words, certified by his countrymen, who stood near, were "*Ja, Ich habe es getham*," in English, "Yes, I have done it."

It is believed that, seeing all hope of a reprieve gone, he meant to make a much fuller confession; but at that moment the hangman pulled the bolt and the unhappy wretch was launched into eternity.

(Next article: The Tichborne Case.)

SILENCED THE COUNSEL.

"You say this Mrs. Robinson was a friend of yours?" a learned K.C. once asked a witness.

"Yes."

"Is she here?"

"No."

"Do you know where she is?"

"No."

"Now, sir," counsel retorted, in a fury, "I warn you to be careful, and to remember that you are on your oath. You say that, although this woman is a neighbour and a friend of yours, you do not know where she is to be found. Tell the court at once, sir, where she is."

"That's more than anybody knows, sir," came the startling answer. "She's dead."

PARTICULAR ABOUT GRAMMAR.

First Tramp: "Why, Bill, what are you in such a tantrum about?"

Second Tramp: "That lady refused to help me. 'I haven't nothing for you,' she said.

"Well, she had a right to refuse you, hadn't she? and perhaps she told the truth."

"That wasn't what annoyed me."

"What then?"

"She should have said: 'I haven't anything for you.' I hate to be refused in an ungrammatical way."

Prodley: "I hear you've been getting married?"

Tooker: "Yes."

Prodley: "Whom did you marry?"

Tooker: "Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather, and two maiden aunts."

Lawyer (examining witness): "Where was your maid at the time?"

Lady: "In my boudoir, arranging my hair."

Lawyer: "And were you there also?"

Lady (indignantly): "Sir!"

"My tooth," said Tommy, "ached awfully yesterday."

"Has it stopped?" asked his girl-cousin sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean? Don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No; the dentist kept it."

DINING AS DUCKS.

The Latest Costume Craze at Dinner Parties.

To attend dinner parties clothed as for a fancy-dress ball is just now the craze of smart Society. One such party was given quite recently by Lady Alington at her house in Portman Square, when forty guests, their heads only disguised in various ways, sat down to dinner.

The hostess herself wore her hair dressed to represent a Romney portrait, with a big picture hat of the type made famous by the renowned painter.

Another original "head" was Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who went as the Marguerite of *Faust*, with luxuriant plaits falling on each side of her face.

Lord Alington, the host, was completely disguised as a Red Indian, while Prince Francis of Teck and Count Mensdorff affected the picturesque attire of gentlemen of the early eighteenth century.

Baron Moyer, another guest, portrayed Kara in *The Darling of the Gods* with excellent effect. All the servants, too, wore fancy costumes—of the early Victorian period.

Duck dinners are the very latest fad of the American Four Hundred. The ladies who attend are dressed to imitate ducks. Duck decorations appear on the table, and the menu includes ducks cooked in various styles. Indeed, everything on the table, even the ices, are made up in duck shapes.

M. Pierre Loti, the eminent French author, recently gave a Chinese *fête* to the *élite* of Paris. The hostess, many members of her family, and a great number of the leaders of Society were all arrayed in sumptuous Oriental garments.

The rooms were decorated and upholstered to present the appearance of the Chinese Court, and there was also an opium den, where the dangerous delights of opium smoking could be tried.

To add to the Chinese effect a herald, with enormous gold dragons embroidered on a garment over his chest, announced the coming of the Chinese Court.

Preceded by a Buddhist priest, who clashed a sort of cymbal, by guards in war armour, secretaries carrying lanterns, courtiers playing hautboys and flutes, and various high personages carrying red Chinese parasols and filling the air with perfume, the Chinese Empress, in reality a Parisienne, eventually made her appearance.

Her array was magnificent. A gold tiara, from which rings and beads were hanging, surmounted her painted, doll-like face, while her gold-brocaded dress made her look every inch an Empress.

Behind her came M. Loti, the author-host, gorgeously dressed as a Chinese officer, and a host of Chinese ladies and children. After the Empress had become seated upon the throne erected for her, the three hundred guests sat down to dinner, which, in turn, was followed by a dance.

Very pretty were the pink tea parties which not long ago were the rage of Kingston (Jamaica) Society. In these the rooms were decorated with pink hangings, the cakes handed round were covered with pink sugar, pink ices were eaten, and the guests were likewise dressed in pink.

Only a few months ago baby parties were all the rage in America. The majority of the guests were dressed as babies and children, the women wearing long frocks of white muslin over various delicate colours.

Many of the men were similarly attired, their moustaches and beards rendering them a very comical spectacle. Feeding bottles containing champagne were supplied to those of the baby boys who cried, while the baby girls were kept good with dolls, rattles, and other toys.

Another American dinner party was attended by guests dressed in red shirts. They were all millionaires, and were invited by Mr. John R. Hegeman, son of the president of the Metropolitan Life Assurance Company of New York. The menu consisted of turkeys, cranberries, and porterhouse steak.

Of the same order, but more bizarre, was the Klondike dinner given to his friends by a young American. To give appearance of a tent, the dining-room was arranged with canopies of rough canvas. The table, which had no covering, was of rough hewn boards.

Each guest was supplied with a tin plate and a knife, fork and spoon of the cheapest variety, and all were dressed in Klondike costume. The butler who served the dinner wore high boots, and slapped the food down before each guest in true miner spirit.

To further carry out the miner spirit only beer was served to drink, but the luxury of glasses was not allowed. Every guest had to drink from the bottles.

A great contrast to this was the dinner given shortly afterwards at Delmonico's famous restaurant in New York by a wealthy yachtsman to ten of his friends. The dinner cost 400 dollars (£80) a head. Five waiters, dressed as sailors, brought to each guest samples of every wine and liqueur that has ever been vinted.

Before each plate was placed a cut-glass basin, about twenty inches in diameter, and filled with water perfumed with attar of roses, on the surface of which floated pond lilies and exact models of the host's own yacht.

The Dowager Empress of China—the most wonderful woman in the world. Read the account of an interview with her in the April PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

HOW A STEAK AND A BOTTLE OF BASS COST £400,000.

[One of the most remarkable "Mystery" stories I have ever read commences in the issue of "Short Stories" now on sale. I feel sure I need make no apologies to my readers in putting before them the following fascinating extract from "PHANTOM SHADOWS."—Ed. P.W.]

FIRST CHAPTER.

The Millionaire and the Waiter.

"Yes, sir?"

Jules, the celebrated head waiter of the Grand Babylon, was bending formally towards the alert, middle-aged man who had just entered the smoking-room and dropped into a basket-chair in the corner by the conservatory. It was 7.45 on a particularly sultry June night, and dinner was about to be served at the Grand Babylon. Men of all sizes, ages, and nationalities, but every one alike arrayed in faultless evening dress, were dotted about the large, dim apartment. A faint odour of flowers came from the conservatory, and the tinkle of a fountain. The waiters, commanded by Jules, moved softly across the thick Oriental rugs, balancing their trays with the dexterity of jugglers, and receiving and executing orders with that air of profound importance of which only really first-class waiters have the secret. The atmosphere was an atmosphere of serenity and repose, characteristic of the Grand Babylon. It seemed impossible that anything could occur to mar the peaceful, aristocratic monotony of existence in that perfectly-managed establishment. Yet on that night was to happen the mightiest upheaval that the Grand Babylon had ever known.

"Yes, sir?" repeated Jules, and this time there was a shade of august disapproval in his voice; it was not usual for him to have to address a customer twice.

"Oh!" said the alert, middle-aged man, looking up at length. Beautifully ignorant of the identity of the great Jules, he allowed his grey eyes to twinkle as he caught sight of the expression on the waiter's face. "Bring me an Angel Kiss."

"Pardon, sir?"

"Bring me an Angel Kiss, and be good enough to lose no time."

"If it's an American drink, I fear we don't keep it, sir." The voice of Jules fell icily distinct, and several men glanced round uneasily, as if to deprecate the slightest disturbance of their calm. The appearance of the person to whom Jules was speaking, however, reassured them somewhat, for he had all the look of that expert, the travelled Englishman, who can differentiate between one hotel and another by instinct, and who knows at once where he may make a fuss with propriety, and where it is advisable to behave exactly as at the club. The Grand Babylon was a hotel in whose smoking-room one behaved as though one was at one's club.

"I didn't suppose you did keep it, but you can mix it, I guess, even in this hotel."

"This isn't an American hotel, sir." The calculated insolence of the words was cleverly masked beneath an accent of humble submission.

The alert, middle-aged man sat up straight and gazed placidly at Jules, who was pulling his famous red side-whiskers.

"Get a liqueur glass," he said, half curtly and half with good-humoured tolerance, "pour into it equal quantities of maraschino cream and crème de menthe. Don't stir it; don't shake it. Bring it to me. And, I say, tell the bar-tender——"

"Bar-tender, sir?"

"Tell the bar-tender to make a note of the recipe, as I shall probably want an Angel Kiss every evening before dinner so long as this weather lasts."

"I will send the drink to you, sir," said Jules distantly. That was his parting shot, by which he indicated that he was not as other waiters are, and that any person who treated him with disrespect did so at his own peril.

If there was one thing more than another that annoyed the Grand Babylon—put its back up, so to speak—it was to be compared with, or to be mistaken for, an American hotel. The Grand Babylon was resolutely opposed to American methods of eating, drinking, and lodging—but especially American methods of drinking. The resentment of Jules, on being requested to supply Mr. Theodore Racksole with an Angel Kiss, will, therefore, be appreciated.

At eight o'clock precisely dinner was served in the immense *salle à manger*, that chaste yet splendid apartment of white and gold. At a small table near one of the windows a young lady sat alone. Her frock said Paris, but her face unmistakably said New York. It was a self-possessed and bewitching face, the face of a woman thoroughly accustomed to doing exactly what she liked, when she liked, how she liked; the face of a woman who had taught hundreds of gilded young men the true art of fetching and carrying, and who, by twenty years or so of parietal spelling, had come to regard herself as the feminine equivalent of the Tsar of all the Russias. Such women are only made in America, and they only come to their full bloom in Europe, which they imagine to be a continent created by Providence for their diversion.

The young lady by the window glanced disapprovingly at the menu card. Then she looked round the dining-room, and, while admiring the diners, decided that the room itself was rather small and plain. Then she gazed through the open window, and told herself that though the Thames by twilight was passable enough, it was by no means level with the Hudson, on whose shores her father had a hundred-thousand-dollar country cottage. Then she returned to the menu, and with a pursing of lovely lips said that there appeared to be nothing to eat.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Nella." It was Mr. Racksole, the intrepid millionaire who had dared to order an Angel Kiss in the smoke-room of the Grand Babylon. Nella—her proper name was Helen—smiled at her parent cautiously, reserving to herself the right to scold if she should feel so inclined.

"You always are late, father," she said.

"Only on a holiday," he added. "What is there to eat?"

"Nothing."

"Then let's have it. I'm hungry. I'm never so hungry as when I'm being seriously idle."

"*Consommé Britannia*," she began to read out from the menu, "*Saumon d'Essose, Sauce Genoise, Aspics de Homard*. Oh, Heavens! Who wants these horrid messes on a night like this?"

"But, Nella, this is the best cooking in Europe," he protested.

"Say, father," she said, with seeming irrelevance, "had you forgotten it's my birthday to-morrow?"

"Have I ever forgotten your birthday, Oh most costly daughter?"

"On the whole you've been a most satisfactory dad," she answered sweetly, "and to reward you I'll be content this year with the cheapest birthday treat you ever gave me. Only I'll have it to-night."

"Well," he said, with the long-suffering patience, the readiness for any surprise, of a parent whom Nella had thoroughly trained, "what is it?"

"It's this. Let's have filleted steak and a bottle of Bass for dinner to-night. It will be simply exquisite. I shall love it."

"But, my dear Nella," he exclaimed, "steak and beer at Félix's! It's impossible! Moreover, young women still under twenty-three cannot be permitted to drink Bass."

"I said steak and Bass, and as for being twenty-three, I shall be going in twenty-four to-morrow."

Miss Racksole set her small, white teeth.

There was a gentle cough. Jules stood over them. It must have been out of a pure spirit of adventure that he had selected this table for his own services. Usually Jules did not personally wait at dinner. He merely hovered observant, like a captain on the bridge during the mate's watch. Regular frequenters of the hotel felt themselves honoured when Jules attached himself to their tables.

Theodore Racksole hesitated one second, and then issued the order with a fine air of carelessness:

"Filleted steak for two, and a bottle of Bass." It was the bravest act of Theodore Racksole's life, and yet at more than one previous crisis a high courage had not been lacking to him.

"It's not in the menu, sir," said Jules the imperturbable.

"Never mind. Get it. We want it."

"Very good, sir."

Jules walked to the service-door, and, merely affecting to look behind, came immediately back again.

"Mr. Rocco's compliments, sir, and he regrets to be unable to serve steak and Bass to-night, sir."

"Mr. Rocco?" questioned Racksole lightly.

"Mr. Rocco," repeated Jules with firmness.

"And who is Mr. Rocco?"

"Mr. Rocco is our chef, sir." Jules had the expression of a man who is asked to explain who Shakespeare was.

The waiter refused to take the millionaire's order.

The two men looked at each other. It seemed incredible that Theodore Racksole, the ineffable Racksole, who owned a thousand miles of railway, several towns, and sixty votes in Congress, should be defied by a waiter, or even by a whole hotel. Yet so it was. When Europe's effete back is against the wall not a regiment of millionaires can turn its flank. Jules had the calm expression of a strong man sure of victory. His face said: "You beat me once, but not this time, my New York friend!"

As for Nella, knowing her father, she foresaw interesting events, and waited confidently for the steak. She did not feel hungry, and she could afford to wait.

"Excuse me a moment, Nella," said Theodore Racksole quietly, "I shall be back in about two seconds," and he strode out of the *salle à manger*. No one in the room recognised the millionaire, for he was unknown to London, this being his first visit to Europe for over twenty years. Had anyone done so, and caught the expression on his face, that man might have trembled for an explosion which should have blown the entire Grand Babylon into the Thames. Jules retired strategically to a corner. He had fired; it was the antagonist's turn. A long and varied experience had taught Jules that a guest who embarks on the subjugation of a waiter is almost always lost; the waiter has so many advantages in such a contest.

SECOND CHAPTER.

How Mr. Racksole Obtained his Dinner.

NEVERTHELESS, there are men with a confirmed habit of getting their own way, even as guests in an exclusive hotel; and Theodore Racksole had long since fallen into that useful practice—except where his only daughter Helen, a motherless but high-spirited girl, chose to think that his way crossed hers, in which case Theodore capitulated and fell back. But when Theodore and his daughter happened to be going one and the same road, which was pretty often, then Heaven alone might help any obstacle that was so ill-advised as to stand in their path. Jules, great and observant man though he was, had not noticed the terrible projecting chins of both father and daughter, otherwise it is possible he would have reconsidered the question of the steak and Bass.

Theodore Racksole went direct to the entrance-hall of the hotel, and entered the office, Miss Spencer's sanctum.

"I want to see Mr. Babylon," he said, "without the delay of an instant."

Miss Spencer leisurely raised her flaxen head.

"I am afraid——" she began the usual formula. It was part of her daily duty to discourage guests who desired to see Mr. Babylon.

"No, no," said Racksole quickly, "I don't want any 'I'm afraids.' This is business. If you had been the ordinary hotel clerk I should have slipped a couple of sovereigns into your hand, and the thing would have been done. As you are not—as you are obviously above bribes—I merely say to you, I must see Mr. Babylon at once on an affair of the utmost urgency. My name is Racksole—Theodore Racksole."

"Of New York?" questioned a voice at the door, with a slight foreign accent.

The millionaire turned sharply, and saw a rather short, French-looking man, with a bald head, a grey beard, a long and perfectly-built frock-coat, eye-glasses attached to a minute silver chain, and blue eyes that seemed to have the transparent innocence of a maid's.

"There is only one," said Theodore Racksole succinctly.

"You wish to see me?" the new-comer suggested.

"You are Mr. Félix Babylon?" The man bowed.

"At this moment I wish to see you more than anyone else in the world," said Racksole. "I am consumed and burnt up with a desire to see you, Mr. Babylon. I only want a few minutes' quiet chat. I fancy I can settle my business in that time."

With a gesture Mr. Babylon invited the millionaire down a side corridor, at the end of which was Mr. Babylon's private room, a miracle of Louis XV. furniture and tapestry; like most unmarried men with large incomes, Mr. Babylon had "tastes" of a highly expensive sort.

The landlord and his guest sat down opposite each other. Theodore Racksole had met with the usual millionaire's luck in this adventure, for Mr. Babylon made a practice of not allowing himself to be interviewed by his guests, however distinguished, however wealthy, however pertinacious. If he had not chanced to enter Miss Spencer's office at that precise moment, and if he had not been impressed in a somewhat peculiar way by the physiognomy of the millionaire, not all Mr. Racksole's American energy and ingenuity would have availed for a confabulation with the owner of the Grand Babylon Hotel that night. Theodore Racksole, however, was ignorant that a mere accident had served him. He took all the credit to himself.

"I read in the New York papers some months ago," Theodore started, without even a clearing of the throat, "that this hotel of yours, Mr. Babylon, was to be sold to a limited company, but it appears that the sale was not carried out."

"It was not," answered Mr. Babylon frankly, "and the reason was that the middle-men between the proposed company and myself wished to make a large secret profit, and I declined to be a party to such a profit. They were firm; I was firm; and so the affair came to nothing."

"The agreed price was satisfactory?"

"Quite."

"May I ask what the price was?"

"Are you a buyer, Mr. Racksole?"

"Are you a seller, Mr. Babylon?"

"I am," said Babylon, "on terms. The price was four hundred thousand pounds, including the leasehold and goodwill.

"Phantom Shadows" is the title of the powerful new Serial which starts in to-day's SHORT STORIES. 1d.

But I sell only on the condition that the buyer does not transfer the property to a limited company at a higher figure."

"I will put one question to you, Mr. Babylon," said the millionaire. "What have your profits averaged during the last four years?"

"Thirty-four thousand pounds per annum."

"I buy," said Theodore Racksole, smiling contentedly; "and we will, if you please, exchange contract-letters on the spot."

"You come quickly to a resolution, Mr. Racksole. But perhaps you have been considering this question for a long time?"

"On the contrary," Racksole looked at his watch—"I have been considering it for just six minutes."

Félix Babylon bowed, as one thoroughly accustomed to every eccentricity of wealth.

"The beauty of being well-known," Racksole continued, "is that you needn't trouble about preliminary explanations. You, Mr. Babylon, probably know all about me. I know a good deal about you. We can take each other for granted without reference. Really, it is as simple to buy a hotel or a railroad as it is to buy a watch, provided one is equal to the transaction."

"Precisely," agreed Mr. Babylon smiling. "Shall we draw up the little informal contract? There are details to be thought of. But it occurs to me that you cannot have dined yet, and might prefer to deal with minor questions after dinner."

"I have not dined," said the millionaire, with emphasis, "and in that connection will you do me a favour? Will you send for Mr. Rocco?"

"You wish to see him, naturally."

"I do," said the millionaire, and added, "about my dinner."

"Rocco is a great man," murmured Mr. Babylon, as he touched the bell, ignoring the last words. "My compliments to Mr. Rocco," he said to the page who answered his summons, "and if it is quite convenient I should be glad to see him here for a moment."

"What do you give Rocco?" Racksole inquired.

"Two thousand a year and the treatment of an Ambassador."

"I shall give him the treatment of an Ambassador and three thousand."

"You will be wise," said Félix Babylon.

At that moment Rocco came into the room, very softly—a man of forty, thin, with long, thin hands, and an inordinately long, brown, silky moustache.

"Rocco," said Félix Babylon, "let me introduce Mr. Theodore Racksole, of New York."

"Sharmed," said Rocco, bowing. "Ze—ze, vat you call it, millionaire?"

"Exactly," Racksole put in, and continued quickly: "Mr. Rocco, I wish to acquaint you before any other person with the fact that I have purchased the Grand Babylon Hotel. If you think well to afford me the privilege of retaining your services I shall be happy to offer you a remuneration of three thousand a year."

"Tree, you said?"

"Three."

"Sharmed."

"And now, Mr. Rocco, will you oblige me very much by ordering a plain beefsteak and a bottle of Bass to be served by Jules—I particularly desire Jules—at table No. 17 in the dining-room, in ten minutes from now? And will you do me the honour of lunching with me to-morrow?"

Mr. Rocco gasped, bowed, muttered something in French, and departed.

Five minutes later the buyer and seller of the Grand Babylon Hotel had each signed a curt document, scribbled out on the hotel note-paper. Félix Babylon asked no questions, and it was this heroic absence of curiosity, of surprise on his part, that more than anything else impressed Theodore Racksole. How many hotel proprietors in the world, Racksole asked himself, would have let that beefsteak and Bass go by without a word of comment?

* * * *

"What a long time you have been, father," said Nella, when he returned to table No. 17 in the *salle à manger*.

"Only twenty minutes, my dove."

"But you said two seconds. There is a difference."

"Well, you see, I had to wait for the steak to cook."

"Did you have much trouble in getting my birthday treat?"

"No trouble. But it didn't come quite as cheap as you said."

"What do you mean, father?"

"Only that I've bought the entire hotel. But don't split."

"Father, you were always a delicious parent. Shall you give me the hotel for a birthday present?"

"No. I shall run it—as an amusement. By the way, who is that chair for?" He noticed that a third cover had been laid at the table.

"That is for a friend of mine who came in about five minutes ago. Of course I told him he must share our steak. He'll be here in a moment."

"May I respectfully inquire his name?"

"Dimmock—Christian name Reginald; profession, English companion to Prince Aribert of Posen. I met him when I was in St. Petersburg with cousin Hetty last autumn. Oh, here he is! Mr. Dimmock, this is my dear father. He has succeeded with the steak."

Theodore Racksole found himself confronted by a very young man, with deep black eyes, and a fresh, boyish expression. They began to talk.

Jules approached with the steak. Racksole tried to catch the waiter's eye, but could not. The dinner proceeded.

"Oh, father!" cried Nella, "what a lot of mustard you have taken!"

"Have I?" he said, and then he happened to glance into a mirror on his left hand between two windows. He saw the reflection of Jules, who stood behind his chair, and he saw Jules give a slow, significant, ominous wink to Mr. Dimmock—Christian name Reginald.

He examined his mustard in silence. He thought that perhaps he had helped himself rather plenteously to this condiment.

☞ TO NEW READERS.—How to enter this great contest to-day. Order the last ten numbers of "Pearson's Weekly" from your newsagent and fill up the coupons they contain; or send 1s. 2d. to the address given under this coupon and the first ten lists will be sent you.

£500 IN HARD CASH.

Great Letter Juggling Contest.

FIRST PRIZE, £250 SECOND PRIZE, £100 THIRD PRIZE, £50

AND 100 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

The conditions under which these prizes may be won appeared in "Pearson's Weekly" dated March 17th, and will appear again before the Competition closes.

Below you will find twelve sets of letters, numbered from 121 to 132. In regard to each set, what you have to do is to find the longest word entirely composed of the letters in that set, *not necessarily using all the letters, and not using any letter more times than it appears.* In each case, you must write (in ink), in the space left for that purpose, the longest word you can make. The word containing the greatest number of letters will be the correct solution. If two or more such words of the same length can be made from a set of letters it is only necessary to put down one of these words, as any one of them will be counted correct. Only one word may be written on each line. When you have filled up the list, cut it out and keep it by you.

Only those words found in heavy type in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary (any Edition from 1901 to 1903), between pages 1 and 771 inclusive, will be allowed.

No inquiries regarding the Competition can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised it will be dealt with on the competition page, and will be regarded as a condition.

ELEVENTH LIST.

Example:
EGGJLUZ: JUGGLE (The Z is here an unnecessary letter and is ignored).

121. ACLLOR.....
122. ADEMOW.....
123. AELMPRT.....
124. HILRW.....
125. AEELPS.....
126. ADINSTT.....
127. GHINNORT.....
128. ABCEESU.....
129. AGILLOR.....
130. EHRSTTU.....
131. ACGINOR.....
132. CDEHSSU.....

Name..... Address.....

.....

The numbers containing the first ten lists may be obtained through any newsagent, or for 1s. 2d. post free from the Publisher PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Bartholomew Street, London, E.C. The fourth list will appear next week.

HOW TO KEEP HUSBANDS GOOD.

A Few Hints for the Young Wife.

First catch your good husband; that is the main thing. Having caught him, the next and most important thing is, to keep him good; and the only way to effectually bring that about is for a wife to be good herself.

Always remember one thing: never use a lover ill whom you design to make your husband, lest he should either upbraid you with it, or, worse still, return it in kind—afterwards.

Repress every inclination to play the tyrant; men may be led, but they most certainly will not be driven. Gently and persuasively ruled, you may do almost anything with them; treat them haughtily and dictatorially, and you will have yourself to thank for the natural result.

Avoid, both before and after marriage, any suspicion even of managing your husband. Never seek to deceive him, even ever so innocently, or attempt to impose on his understanding.

Some injudicious wives succeed in trying a husband's temper by giving him unnecessary uneasiness. He has a right to your sincerity, your affection, and your respect—if he deserves it.

To be over sanguine before marriage, or to promise yourself absolutely unalloyed felicity is a mistake, for, in the present condition of things social, it is unwise to expect too much of even a good man. He is just a man, not an angel, and if, in the course of time, you discover about the husband of your choice anything not quite according to sample, use a little tactful forbearance; be, in fact, a little blind, and pass it over as being, after all, only human. Smooth your brow, compose your temper, put on a clean bib and tucker, and trust to cheerfulness and good nature to carry you through.

Never, on any account, dispute with a man, no matter how great the temptation. Not only will he, in nine cases out of ten, be sure to get the best of it, but the trivial satisfaction of having your own way, will be but a poor equivalent for the quarrelling and heart-burning of which it is even impossible to see the end.

A woman's power, as well as happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's love and esteem; which, consequently, it behoves her in every possible way to preserve and increase.

Study his temper, therefore, and command your own, for even a good husband has his irritable moments, which a good wife will respect, and deal gently with.

Make a man "comfy," and you can do almost anything with him, but you must do it all without any undue obtrusiveness of hand or method. He likes it, but he does not care about his liking to be noticed or commented upon.

Fortunately for the majority of married men, women are, as a rule, only too well fitted for the true wifely position, and the hints we are giving are chiefly designed for those whose youth and inexperience render the matrimonial issue a matter of anxiety, doubt and uncertainty.

This is an age of early marriages, and the girl who enters upon wedded life before she is well free of her girlish irresponsibility, needs a few words of advice in and warning with regard to the ordering of herself in the eyes of her husband.

Man, to the average girl in her late teens, is a human enigma. So much of his life is necessarily passed away from his home, that his habits, thoughts, his entire personality cannot but be unfamiliar, somewhat in the nature of a riddle indeed, to one whose world, from childhood, has been limited to the domestic hearth.

Such a girl may get a good husband, but her ability to keep him in that desirable condition may not be equal to her endeavours, however praiseworthy; it is then "safe bind" that has a far deeper and more important significance than "safe find"—matrimonially considered.

FRIEND: "What is the expensive ingredient in your syrup?"

Patent Medicine Man: "The advertising."

A CHINESE boy who was studying English had occasion the other day to write a letter to the young lady who was his Sunday-school teacher.

Not wishing to begin his letter in the stereotyped way with "Dear Miss," he took his English dictionary to look up an equivalent for the word "dear."

This is the way the letter was commenced: "Expensive Miss."

"Phantom Shadows" is the title of the powerful new serial romance which starts in to-day's SHORT STORIES. 1d.

SHOPPING AT £2,000 PER HOUR.

How Some Rich People Spend their Money.

In the purchase of the most ordinary everyday requisite it is astonishing the amount of money it would be possible to spend in an hour's time in a few of the London shops.

For instance, there are, at least, three cutlery establishments in the West End where they keep razors in stock worth £50 a pair.

The steel in these razors is, of course, of the very finest description, but the money's worth comes in on the handles, which are of the purest ivory ornamented with gold. Razors of this class are often purchased for wedding presents by very wealthy people.

One well-known shop received lately an order for a case containing a dozen of their most expensive razors intended as a wedding present from an English nobleman to Prince Andrew of Greece. The razors were of the finest wrought steel, the handles being of the richest pearl and heavily ornamented with gold, the total cost amounting to £500.

China and glass run to huge prices. There are plenty of people who will pay hundreds of pounds for a china tea service or a glass dinner set intended for everyday use.

There is a well-known shop in the neighbourhood of Bond Street where china tea services that cost £50 are kept in stock. Each set contains but six pieces, and the people who buy them are by no means millionaires, but are just comfortably off and can afford to indulge their fad for costly china and to get the best on the market.

There is a lady living near Hampstead who recently gave £400 for a porcelain dinner service, consisting of one hundred pieces, which was an exact copy of a dinner service made for the Empress of Russia.

In one shop the writer was informed that one of their customers last year paid them £70 in the purchase of articles to replace broken ware of this high-class description.

One guinea is considered by many people a reasonable charge for such a trifle as a wine glass. The value of the glass itself is about twopence, but the decoration on the glass, which is all worked by the hand, runs the price up to a large figure.

In plenty of shops there are to be found wine glasses, tumblers, and decanters that cost anything from ten shillings to twenty pounds apiece.

Many people would fancy that forty or fifty pounds would buy the most expensive dressing-case on the market. Such a sum, however, would not even buy the hair brushes in some dressing-cases.

Perhaps the most expensive dressing-case ever sold in London was that made a few years ago for a very well-known sporting individual by a firm in Piccadilly. It cost £1,800, and was made to a special order that had to be executed within twenty-four hours of its being received.

The firm that supplied this somewhat luxurious dressing-case keeps others in stock that run to £800 apiece. A case of this description will be made of the best crocodile leather, and all the fittings will be of ivory and gold.

Stockbrokers largely indulge in these expensive dressing-cases, one individual well-known in the City having quite a large collection of dressing-cases whose total value is certainly not under £5,000.

There is a great demand at present among wealthy and fashionable people for tapestry-covered chairs and lounges. This has developed a huge trade in imitation tapestry that commands a price that would appear large even for the real article.

Four ordinary dining-room chairs, covered with imitation Aubusson tapestry, were sold the other day by a well-known furniture dealer to an American lady for £800, and a sofa covered with the same material was disposed of for £500.

The cheapest chairs of this class kept in stock cost £60 each. The extraordinary fact about the high prices which furniture of this sort now commands is that its value is largely due to the fashionable and wealthy class of customer who buys it. Twenty-five years ago a chair or sofa covered with imitation Aubusson would not have fetched a ten pound note!

If you want to buy the most luxurious type of reading lamp on the London market, you must pay £50.

For this figure you can purchase a cut-glass lamp which was made for the last Paris Exhibition, and, with one exception, it is the only one of its kind in the world. Its companion was purchased by an American millionaire, and went to New York.

A fitting lamp shade for this illuminant will cost £25, which will be made of the purest silk, richly embroidered in fifteen different colours.

TRAMP: "Please, mum, I don't want nothin' but the privilege of sittin' here and listenin' to Madame Patti, th' great prima donna, sing."

Mrs. Youngwife: "Goodness me! She isn't here."

"Parding, mum, but I hear her now."

"Why, that's my baby crying. But can't I give you something to eat?"

HOW THE WAR AFFECTS CAMPHOR.

We Cannot Get Our Usual Supplies from Japan.

One of the effects of the present war between Russia and Japan is an increase in the price of camphor; this increase threatens to be so considerable as to actually stop certain industries, such as the making of celluloid, which depend on the supply of camphor.

Japan has the monopoly of camphor production; for it is only in that country and the Island of Formosa that the camphor tree flourishes in a position available for commercial purposes. In order to obtain this strange product from the trees, the latter have to be distilled; and to distil camphor, a supply of water is absolutely necessary.

In some parts of China there are quantities of camphor trees, but there is no water at hand, and it would cost too much to make roads and haul the trees to a place where the liquid is plentiful.

Efforts have been made to plant these trees in Ceylon and elsewhere, but without much success; and it may be truly said that they flourish only on Japanese territory. And the little Japs, with their usual but scarcely-recognised shrewdness, have taken full advantage of their opportunity. All the camphor-bearing plantations are the property of the Government.

When Formosa passed into the possession of Japan not long ago, the plantations there were the property of private persons, mostly Chinese, but the Japs have bought them out and now control the market.

At the present time camphor is not plentiful enough to meet the ever-increasing demands. The trees were cut down without regard to the fact that the plantations would not last for ever; no young trees were planted, and so matters continued until a few years ago, when the Government awoke to the exigencies of the case, and issued an order that for every old tree cut down, ten young ones were to be planted.

But it takes forty years for a tree to attain that maturity which enables it to produce good camphor: so the result is this, that at the end of the next twenty years there will be an abundant supply.

Camphor can be obtained by distilling a tree only ten years old, but the quality leaves much to be desired.

When distilling the tree, every part of it is used, from the leaves to the roots.

All attempts of chemical experts to find a substitute for camphor have hitherto failed, but the present situation may stimulate research, and in the end good may come out of evil.

THE VERY TIME

When Powerful Food is Most Needed.

The need of delicate yet nutritious food is never felt so keenly as when a convalescent gets a set back on account of weak stomach. Then it is Grape-Nuts shows its power, for it is the most scientific and easily digested food in the world.

"About a year ago," writes a woman, "my little six-year-old niece, Helen, left the invigorating and buoyant air of her home, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in a less invigorating atmosphere in another part of the country. She had a complete change of diet, consisting of a great variety of improper food, and, of course, a change of water, and somehow she eventually contracted typhoid fever.

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless; doctors gave her up, and she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything, and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents wishing to get something delicate and yet nourishing finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food for her, and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings, and began to gain health and strength so rapidly that in a short time she was as well, playful, and robust as if she had never been ill.

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

NOT MEDICINE

But Scientific Food.

People who do not study the subject sometimes get the idea that Grape-Nuts breakfast food is a medicine, whereas it is a pure cereal food made upon scientific principles, and it contains no medicine whatever.

Stomach troubles must be treated by stopping the use of poorly-selected food and using proper food, for almost all stomach troubles comes from the use of improper food, and science says that the only way to cure it is to take away the cause and use good food in its place. "I am a brain worker, and resorted to the habit of drinking strong black coffee for lunch to 'tone me up' as I expressed it, and the result was that although I ate a great deal of food I grew thinner and browner, until my friends told me I really looked like an over-roasted coffee bean myself. Then I began the use of Grape-Nuts food and gave up coffee, for I found that Grape-Nuts gave me all the toning up that was necessary, and there was no injurious reaction from this food as there is from coffee. I am stronger, better, and healthier in every way, and my brain is much clearer and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts. The yellow look has almost left me, and my friends assure me that I am actually growing fat.

"I first learned of Grape-Nuts through a lady friend who uses it regularly for breakfast for her two little girls. I had known them only as puny, sickly little children, and was surprised at the change in them, for now they are a pair of the strongest, healthiest girls I ever saw. What surprised me most was that the change had been brought about by a 'patent medicine,' as I had been inclined to call Grape-Nuts.

"My friend pointed out my mistake, and induced me to take a saucer of the food. The crisp, nutty flavour surprised and pleased me, and I resolved to use it myself, with the wonderful results I have told you of." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Grape-Nuts is made from pure cereals alone, and quickly corrects all of the ills that arise from the use of improper food, for Grape Nuts is a natural food, prepared in the most scientific way.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Strengthen the Stomach, Regulate the Bowels, Purify and Enrich the Blood, and Tone the whole Nervous System.

BEECHAM'S PILLS contain no drug of mineral or metallic origin, but are purely vegetable, mild, beneficent, and sure. They will restore you to health if you give them a chance.

BEECHAM'S PILLS are specially suitable for FEMALES of all ages. Every woman who values health should read the instructions wrapped round each box.

Sold everywhere, in Boxes, labelled 1s. 1½d., containing 56 Pills, and 2s. 9d., containing 168 Pills.

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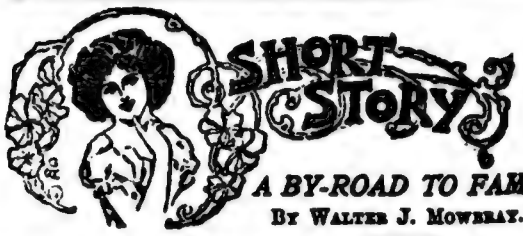

A BY-ROAD TO FAME.

By Walter J. Mowbray.

"Yes—I am bound to admit the truth of your remark. The year that has just passed away leaves me a little higher up the great ladder than I was at the beginning. But the process is a slow and wearisome one."

"Never mind the process, Allan. When one runs a race, one looks not at the ground at one's feet, but at the goal."

Allan Mostyn drew the girl's head to his own and kissed the lips that gave him such good counsel.

"Ah, Rose," he said, "I only wish your philosophy were as easy to practise as it is sound in theory. But the long, long waiting oppresses me far too often. Besides, the greater the happiness in the end, the more ardent is the wish to attain it. And with me it is not merely a question of fame."

Rose Ashmead blushed.

"We have waited patiently hitherto, Allan," she said. "Surely we are not going to despair now. I know well how difficult it is to win a name in literature, but I know, too, that where there is real genius the end is sure. Editors are not slow to recognise good work, and you are making good headway as it is. Another year may make all the difference."

Allan Mostyn lifted his head, and the grave, thoughtful look upon his face passed away.

"Let us hope so," he said. And then, giving a turn to the conversation: "I looked in at the Press Club coming along. That lucky beggar, Trent, was in the office. I heard him tell the secretary he was just off to Asia. He must be netting at least a couple of thousand a year by now. I wonder what he's going to Asia for. Shouldn't be surprised if it was some reckless expedition to the neighbourhood of Tibet. He's rather a venturesome fellow, as his many escapades in the late war go to prove. I heard him tell the secretary that all letters were to be retained for him till he forwarded further instructions."

"I'm glad you joined the Press Club, Allan. It may bring you into personal contact with people who may be useful to you. At any rate, it is a good address. Were there any letters for you?"

Allan shook his head.

"No," he said gloomily. "I was hoping there would be one from Hollis. I wrote them a few days ago, asking if there was an opening for a series of short detective stories. I sent the letter to Hollis himself, and he has not even acknowledged it so far."

Rose Ashmead smiled, and laid her soft hand caressingly on one of his.

"You are not yourself to-day, dear," she said. "It is not like you to be grumbling at trifles. Let us go for a walk. The air is bracing, though cold, and a brisk walk may do you good."

* * * * *

The head of the house of Messrs. Gildridge Hollis, Limited, publishers and printers, sat in his private office, and ran his eye through the pile of correspondence that lay on his writing-table. He was a man of fifty or thereabouts, with keen, intellectual face.

Gildridge Hollis had once been a prolific writer himself, but had now substituted the profession of literary proprietor and editor for the more desultory one of author.

Great had been the success of the house he had started. The firm of Gildridge Hollis, Limited, was now a household word all over the country, and from the big publishing offices in Fleet Street almost a score of newspapers, magazines, and journals went forth to be read by the great British public.

The great man rang his electric bell. The door opened, and a messenger stood in the entry waiting.

"Tell Mr. Saville I wish to speak to him."

"Yes, sir."

The messenger disappeared, and, a few moments later, Gilbert Saville, the great publisher's right-hand man, entered the sanctum.

"Ah, Saville!" said Gildridge Hollis, absently looking up from his papers. "Let me see. Ah, yes, I sent for you! Er—I'm going away for a month or six weeks. You will, of course, take my place during my absence. There is not much here." He laid his hand on the pile of correspondence.

"Oh, by-the-way, I'm arranging for a series of detective stories to appear in the PICCADILLY. You'll see to that, won't you? I hope I sha'n't be gone longer than five or six weeks, but I can't tell yet. I shall go to Alexandria first, then to Cairo.

"I fancy there's a bit of trouble brewing in the Land of the Pharaohs, and there's nothing like being on the spot. Carter or Shoreham would do as well, of course, but I'm getting run down and sadly need a change. So to Egypt I go by the *Northumbria*, which sails to-morrow."

He took up his pen and began to write. Gilbert Saville smiled to himself as he left the office. Gildridge Hollis had always been regarded as an eccentric individual, but a rich man can afford to be eccentric.

Presently he laid down his pen and looked up. His eye fell on a letter lying at the top of the pile of correspondence. He took it up, and turned to his typine. The girl, always watchful, got her machine in readiness.

"DEAR SIR," he dictated, while the keys of the instrument began rapidly to click. "*We are in receipt of your favour of the 9th inst., and in reply thereto, we regret we cannot at present see our way to avail ourselves of your offer. We will, however, keep your letter by us for future reference.*"

The typine took the letter from the machine and placed it on the table for him to sign.

"You had better write another," he said, and the girl complied.

"DEAR SIR," he began again, and once more the keys clicked. "*I am in need of a stirring series of short detective stories for the 'Piccadilly Magazine,' and should be extremely glad if you would undertake to supply me with them. I should like a series of twelve stories of not more than 5,000 words, and would be willing to pay you the sum of fifty guineas each for British and American serial rights.*"

The typine ran the letter out of the machine and laid it beside the other on the great man's writing-table. But Gildridge Hollis was busy writing.

Presently, however, he looked up, saw the letters, and attached their respective signatures. To the first he appended the name of the firm—to the second his own.

Then he took two envelopes from the rack and directed them, the one to "Allan Mostyn, Esq., The Press Club, Pall Mall," the other to "Phil Trent, Esq., The Press Club, Pall Mall." Then he inclosed the two letters and sealed the envelopes.

It was late when he had finished his work. Looking at his watch, he rose hastily, put on his hat, and passed out of the office. He nodded to Saville as he went out, and jumped into his private hansom.

"Send any private letters on to Alexandria," he shouted. "I'll write you in a day or two."

The driver touched his horse, and the hansom dashed away. And the following morning Gildridge Hollis stepped on board the *Northumbria*.

* * * * *

Rose Ashmead was sitting at the window, watching the passers-by in the street below. The room was warm and cosy, and the contrast it presented to the snow-carpeted street made it appear all the more cosy and comfortable.

Presently a hansom turned the corner. The horse slipped on the frozen snow, recovered itself, and drew up with a jerk outside the door of her father's house. She gave a little start as she saw who it was that had alighted, and, a few moments later, Allan Mostyn was announced. His face was flushed with excitement, and he came towards her, waving a letter above his head.

"Had to come in a cab," he said excitedly. "Couldn't stop to walk. Read this."

He held the letter out towards her. Rose took it, and, going over to the window again, read it over to herself.

"Fifty guineas!" she gasped. "Why, that's six hundred guineas! Six hundred and thirty pounds! Oh, surely it's some mistake! It sounds like a fairy tale."

Allan Mostyn laughed.

"By Jove," he said, "I thought so myself, till I went round to the office about it. But it's true enough. Hollis went to Egypt yesterday, so I only saw his right-hand man, Saville. He seemed a bit knocked back himself, but there was the letter, addressed to me, and a glance through Hollis' correspondence revealed the letter I sent some days ago. So what could he say? He admitted, too, that Hollis had mentioned his intention of arranging for the series. So there was really nothing more to be said. I shall start work to-morrow."

He took the girl in his arms and kissed her joyfully.

"It's coming at last," he said. "This year will make all the difference to me."

There were tears in Rose Ashmead's eyes as she lifted them to her lover's face.

"I hope so," she said wistfully. "It all depends on how the public take your stories."

Allan's face grew grave.

"You're right, dearest," he said. "Everything depends on that. Indeed, I have been thinking of nothing else ever since I got this letter. I must put all my energies into these stories. I must even forget, if necessary, everything else. It is not the six hundred guineas alone—though that is a great deal—nor is that even the first consideration in this commission. It is the effect these stories will have upon the whole of my subsequent career. It is the crucial test of my life. And, by Heaven, I mean to win!"

* * * * *

Allan Mostyn sat at his writing-table in the little sitting-room that formed the pleasantest feature of his modest apartments. His pen was skimming rapidly over a sheet of white quarto paper, and the light in his grey eyes told of the inspiration within that was driving the pen along.

He was on his mettle now. A great task was before him. Something definite, tangible, had come into his professional life, and he had risen to meet it with a brave heart.

Two months had gone by since that wonderful letter had come to him—two months of splendid action, of brilliant conception, of crowding ideas. And the first story of the series had just appeared in the pages of the PICCADILLY.

How he had waited for that day! With what feverish impatience had he counted the very hours before he should hear the world's verdict! And at last it had come, and a great wave of thankfulness had swept over him as he read the almost enthusiastic commendations of the Press, the approbation of critics, and, last, though not least, the short note of approval from the office of the PICCADILLY.

And, at the end of a few days' breathing space, when he felt almost swamped by his great good fortune, he had returned assiduously to his work, till six of the twelve stories were completed.

Thus had he spent the two months which had gone by since the day when he had driven in a hansom to Rose Ashmead with the joyful news of the commission which had brought him such success.

The great publisher had not yet returned from Egypt. The storm had not yet blown over, and he had cabled his intention of remaining another month in Cairo. Saville had forwarded him a copy of the PICCADILLY containing Allan Mostyn's first story, and had also posted the many commendatory cuttings from the newspapers of the day. The reply he received was a little puzzling.

"*I can't for the life of me understand this business about Allan Mostyn,*" wrote Gildridge Hollis. "*It's all a profound mystery to me. But you evidently stumbled on a good thing. Don't cut the price too fine. It won't do to lose him now we have him. What figure have you offered him? But that can wait until I return, anyhow. All you need do is to see no one else cuts us out.*"

Saville knitted his brows as he read this epistle.

"Can't make it out," he said to himself. "Why, he fixed the price himself. I'm afraid he's getting more absent-minded than ever."

So the days went by till Allan Mostyn's second story appeared in the PICCADILLY. The circulation went up with a bound, and the firm of Messrs. Gildridge Hollis, Limited, began to congratulate itself.

Still Allan Mostyn worked on. Week by week he found new material for his great stories. A stiff walk in the Park before breakfast each morning was his only exercise—a quiet chat with Rose Ashmead in the evening his only relaxation. Rose! Ah, that name urged him on—that name was his lodestone. For her he toiled, and the toil was made sweet to him.

"Thank God!" he said fervently, as he sat in his room one night and looked at the work he had just finished. "I have at last proved my worthiness to reap the reward not only of my labour, but of my love also!"

* * * * *

It was the beginning of April. Allan Mostyn had put aside his pen for a few days' rest. The day was fine and sunny, and he and Rose Ashmead were taking a walk together through the streets of the busy Metropolis.

Presently they came to the great offices of Gildridge Hollis, Limited. A private hansom was waiting outside, and, as they passed, the swing-doors opened and two men came out. One of the two was Gilbert Saville. His eye fell on Allan Mostyn, and he took a step forward.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Mostyn!" he said. "Mr. Hollis has just returned to town, and has been talking about you. Mr. Hollis, this is Mr. Mostyn, whose stories have made the PICCADILLY so popular of late. Mr. Mostyn, this is Mr. Hollis, from whom you received your commission."

The two men bowed and shook hands. Then Allan Mostyn introduced Rose to them both. Mr. Saville went inside again to resume his duties. There was a curious light in the eyes of Gildridge Hollis as he gazed at the face of the man before him.

"Mr. Mostyn," he said at last, "I should like a word with you in private. Can you give me a moment or two?"

Allan hesitated and glanced at Rose.

"Is it very private?" he asked with a smile. "Miss Ashmead is quite in my confidence."

"Then Miss Ashmead may as well hear what I have to say," returned the publisher, bowing once more to the lady.

He led the way into his private office, and placed chairs for them near his own.

"I think I ought to explain," began Gildridge Hollis, with a curious little smile, "that I had no intention whatever of commissioning you to write the twelve stories upon which you have been engaged. Indeed, the whole circumstance is purely attributable to accident—I may say, to a stupid blunder of my own."

Allan Mostyn and Rose Ashmead looked up in amazement.

"The truth is," went on the publisher quietly, "I wrote two letters—one to you, regretting my inability and the rest of it—you know the style—the other to Mr. Phil Trent, asking him to undertake the commission which has inadvertently fallen into your hands. It is a coincidence that you should have offered to do precisely what I intended asking him to do.

"I directed both envelopes to the Press Club, and the only way in which I can account for the mistake is by supposing that I placed the letters in the wrong envelopes.

"The next day I left for Egypt. Somewhat to my surprise, I discovered Phil Trent to be a passenger with myself on the *Northumbria*. I told him of my communication to him, which, however, he had not then received.

"He was, of course, quite unable to undertake the commission, as he was going into Asia. So I dismissed the matter from my mind, and it was only when I received the first number of the PICCADILLY containing your story, that I became aware that something extraordinary had occurred."

He stopped and looked pleasantly into the faces of his visitors. Allan Mostyn smiled as he returned the look.

"Most men regret their blunders," he said laconically. "Do you regret yours, Mr. Hollis?"

"Mostly," replied that gentleman, "but if all blunders turned out as this has done, the sooner we adopt the system permanently, the better for Gildridge Hollis, Limited."

"And for the great army of Allan Mostyns also," Allan added. "Well, Mr. Hollis, I must thank you for the high opinion of my work expressed in your last words."

"The opinion is not confined to myself," replied the publisher promptly. "I but go with the tide. Anyhow, you have done work that has not been equalled these ten years, and I venture to predict that you will far outstrip Phil Trent himself ere long. And be good enough to remember, whatever else you forget, that the firm of which I am the head has a good substantial cheque-book, and that there is no name I shall like to see inscribed therein better than that of Mr. Allan Mostyn."

He rose from his seat and faced them. The hand he extended to Allan Mostyn was warmly grasped.

"Thank you," responded Allan simply. "I will endeavour to maintain the popularity I have achieved, and I think I may promise that you shall at least share in its results."

Rose Ashmead timidly held out her hand to the great publisher. There was a suspicion of tears in her blue eyes.

"I must thank you, too," she said, "for you have unconsciously verified my prediction, and that within three months of the day when it was uttered."

"Ah!" said the publisher. "But then, you know, we have to thank the ladies for most things. And I fancy you are far more responsible for Mr. Mostyn's success than even I, with all my blunders."

Rose blushed as the old gentleman bowed gallantly over the hand she had given him. There was a fatherly interest in his eyes which all the routine of business life had failed to eradicate, and which won him a place in the girl's heart.

And so they parted, to meet many times again, when Allan Mostyn and Rose Ashmead were made husband and wife. For Fame remained constant to Allan Mostyn, who had reached it, not by the beaten path trod by so many weary feet, but by a by-road—a short cut—miraculously opened up by a man's blunder—the mere slipping of a letter into a wrong envelope. Upon such slender threads hangs the destiny of many a life!

Blanche Eardley—the writer of "Tinsel Triumphs"—contributes a story to the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THE HEAVIEST MAN IN LANCASHIRE.

CARRYING his enormous weight with ease, and rather proud of his unusual proportions, Mr. Samuel Brooks, 4, Punch Street, Deane Road, Bolton, is quite a conspicuous person in his own town. He was apprenticed, over thirty years ago, to the trade of a House-Painter, and when he had "served his time" like a good man and true, he went into his father's business. His weight is

NO LESS THAN 355 POUNDS—

twenty-five stone and five pounds—yet he regards it as no incumbrance, and so far from causing him discomfort it appears to be rather a source of satisfaction to him. He is a thoroughly healthy man—none more so in the County Palatine—and he says Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the cause of his recovery from the only illness which has seriously affected him. Of course, the pills had nothing to do with his great weight. That is natural to him. Nor is it health alone that he owes to this medicine. His worldly prosperity, threatened by illness, has also been indirectly saved by Dr. Williams. "It was three years ago," said he in explanation, "when I had the first attack of rheumatism. Considering the rough conditions under which I had been working for so many years it is perhaps a wonder that I had not been laid up before. I remember quite well coming home and complaining one night about a pain at the bottom of my back. At first I took but little notice of it, thinking it would go as it came; but instead of that it became worse, and at last I could scarcely get about to give orders.

"The business in consequence commenced to go down, and finally, disheartened and feeling downright ill, I had to give up. I crawled round to a druggist's, and he said it was rheumatism I was suffering from, at the same time making me up a prescription. I tried it and dozens of other things afterwards, including several so-called sure-cures; but nothing seemed to allay the pain, which increased until I could no longer sleep at nights. The pain extended to across my shoulders until every limb and all my body seemed to be aching. My appetite went completely.

Mr. Samuel Brooks. Weight, 25 stone 5lb. (From a photograph.)

"While in this low state of health I remembered having once read of Dr. Williams' pink pills and the cures they had effected. I sent for a box as a last resource, and thankful I am that I did. By the time I had finished the first box I felt a little better. I determined to try another box. After that I noticed a distinct difference for the better, and at the end of the third box the pains were almost entirely gone, and I was mending nicely. My appetite had returned and things looked hopeful once more. Instead of having to walk round the room, catching at the table or chairs for support, I could get about quite briskly. The fourth box completed the cure, and back I went to business, a new man, and just in time to pull things together again."

"Four boxes put you right, Mr. Brooks?"

"Yes, quite so. I did take another half-box, just to make sure of the cure, but there the other half remains. I have taken none since, nor have any of the old symptoms returned; and to-day, as you can see, I am as well as any man of forty-five years, and a good deal better than most. I have since heard of other men, too, who have received pretty well as much benefit as I have."

"You think others ought to know of this?"

"Yes; if I did not I am just the man to tell you so. I have no objection whatever to the interview being published."

THIS GENIAL GIANT

was quite right in wishing to let others know the secret of his recovery.

WHERE NOISE IS KING.

What a Boilermaker has to Endure.

No human being endures so much in the way of deafening, ear-shattering noise as a Boilermaker. The whole place in which he works is filled with thunderous sound as of artillery-firing. Along its huge length fat boilers lie in stocks like giant iron canoes in process of building; while men, whose skins glisten in the light and heat, rush about with pincers holding red-hot rivets, which they thrust through the plates to have their protruding noses flattened by heavy hammers. Over everything the fierce light of the braziers makes weird shadows on the heaving muscles of workers.

A hard, wearing life it is, and a little thing impairs a boilermaker's efficiency. As Mr. Thomas Houghton, a Birmingham boilermaker, recently said to a newspaper interviewer, even deranged digestion may incapacitate one. Mr. Houghton, some time ago, was compelled to give up his work, but he cured himself by Dr. Williams' pink pills. Mr. Houghton, who lives at 66, Cuthbert Road, Winson Green, Birmingham, said:

"I was a victim of wind and indigestion for a long time, and was frequently attacked by spasms, which were so painful that I was afraid to stoop at my work in case they should come on.

"At home, after meals, I had often to walk about the house to disperse them. There was a pain in my chest which completely took my breath away at times. Of course, it hampered me very much at the works, and I was afraid to take my food.

"Then my wife, who had suffered terribly with indigestion, prevailed upon me to get her a box of Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, and after taking them for some time her improvement was so marked that I began to take the pills myself, with the result that, like her, I felt speedy relief. After taking about two boxes I was completely cured.

"I can't speak too highly of the merits of this medicine. I have a capital appetite now, and can go about my work with pleasure. In fact, to-day I have been carpentering, for amusement, which would have been impossible a short time ago."

THE IDEAL MAN AND WIFE.

True Story of a Happy Pair.

MRS. HOUGHTON, wife of the hero of the remarkable story related in this issue under the title "Where Noise is King," had a story to tell not less remarkable than that of her husband. "About six months ago," she explained to a Press representative, "I began to be troubled with dyspepsia. I thought little of it at first, and went on with my work as usual, thinking it would soon go away. However, I was mistaken, for it developed to a terrible degree. I had a heavy feeling in my chest and severe palpitation of the heart. Sometimes my heart was so bad that I had to lean forward for a long time to stop it. The giddiness in my head also became so serious that I was eventually too timid to go out. I was afraid of falling against tramcars or into shop windows, and even on a broad pavement I swayed helplessly from one side to the other. I had a gnawing and burning sensation in the stomach as if I had eaten fire. Many a time I never touched food for a day; even tea made me ill. At length I began to think that I should have to give up.

"At length I was attracted by an article in a Birmingham paper on the subject of the remarkable cures wrought by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. I persuaded my husband to let me give them a trial, and he obtained two boxes. I had become so bad that I had to beat myself in order to get my breath, and it was misery to be about, and still worse to lie in bed. At the end of the second box I noticed a distinct improvement. I took five boxes altogether, and I am now in excellent health and can enjoy my food."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Houghton raised any objection to the proposal that the interview should be given every publicity.

To be anæmic is not only one of the most uncomfortable states of ill-health, causing pale lips, dull, bloodshot eyes, headaches, indigestion, breathlessness, and utter want of energy and strength, but it is also very dangerous. Those who are anæmic easily catch cold, and are on the high road to consumption. Purgatives only make them worse. Anæmia is not cured by trying to get rid of the biliousness and sick headaches which it causes—new blood is needed. Purgatives impoverish the blood. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people *make new blood*. That is how they have cured not only anæmia, but also consumption, decline, biliousness, indigestion, kidney disease, fits, eczema, and other skin troubles, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, and locomotor ataxy. Rheumatism is not due to poor blood, but it is due to bad blood—blood that is impure and charged with lactic acid. Dr. Williams' pink pills have cured more cases of rheumatism than of any other disease, except anæmia. For ladies they have proved of unrivalled value, giving regular, comfortable health. The genuine pills bear the *full name* (seven words).

Men as well as women benefit by the new blood and new strength which Dr. Williams' pink pills are able to give. But it is only the genuine pills which have the virtue.

If Mr. and Mrs. Houghton had used an imitation or substitute they would be suffering still. It is the genuine pills bearing Dr. Williams' name (and to be obtained post free for two and ninepence from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, if readers have any difficulty in purchasing the genuine at shops) which have cured so many cases of anæmia, bile, consumption, fits, gout, indigestion, kidney disease, paralysis, locomotor ataxy, St. Vitus' dance, and the frequent ailments of ladies. Substitutes cure nothing.

WOMEN WHO LOOK TOO OLD.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Boon to the Weary.

"I NOTICED that a neighbour of mine, who had been in very poor health, suddenly improved so much as to look

TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER.

She told me that the change was undoubtedly due to Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people."

This is what Mrs. Ann Weston, of 171, North Road, Preston, said, when asked how she came to hear of these pills, which have been the cause of a wonderful improvement in her own health.

Twenty years younger! What food for thought! Do some of the tired, worn-out women whom one meets every day know what Dr. Williams' pink pills are capable of doing for them? These pills make New Blood. That is the secret of their cures. They do not tinker at disease. Ordinary medicine does that. Dr. Williams' pink pills strike at the cause. Those who take them look younger because

THEY FEEL YOUNG.

It is insufficient blood that makes women pale, and thin, and wrinkled. New Blood is as good as new life to them. That is why Dr. Williams' pink pills make strong, active women of what were formerly weary invalids, often laid up for a week at a stretch, often dreading the time when they will be suffering again. These pills do away with that fear. They give activity and strength, too. They banish the headaches, backaches, and pains in the side, which are so dreaded.

It is not merely here and there that they have done this, but in hundreds of thousands of cases. Mrs. Weston's experience, already referred to, is only an example of many others. Nerves shattered by repeated suffering made her tired and languid, depressed in spirits, without interest in her business. She had most severe internal pains, and also shooting pains down her sides and across her shoulder blades. In fact, she was all aches and pains.

"In addition to all this," she said, "I was most miserable. I always felt tired and languid, and could have lain in bed all day. I was medically attended, and I spent pounds and pounds in medicine. Then I noticed that a neighbour of mine, who had been in very poor health, suddenly so improved that she looked

TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER,

and on inquiring how she managed to regain her health, was told that it was through taking Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. It was then that I decided to try them myself. They did me a world of good. I felt a great improvement

AFTER THE FIRST FEW DOSES.

"The first thing I noticed was that the weary, hopeless feeling was disappearing. I felt fresh and fit for work, and began to look upon life cheerfully. In a short time all my pains had gone, and now I feel as well and active as ever I did in my life.

"I have recommended the pills to many people, and I shall never be without them myself. I did more work last week than I could have done in three months before I started taking these pills. They seem to have put fresh life into me."

Men as well as women need the new blood and new energy which Dr. Williams' pink pills are able to give. Nervous weakness is a terrible danger. It leads the way to the most fatal diseases, as paralysis, locomotor ataxy, early decay of the faculties, and premature old-age in both sexes. These pills have cured all these ailments; and the new blood which they are capable of giving drives out Rheumatism, Sciatica, Fits, Kidney Disease, Anæmia (the forerunner in numberless cases of Consumption), Eczema, and other skin diseases. The strength which they give to the nerves and muscles cures backaches, neuralgia, pains in the side, and frequent miseries which women suffer without speaking about them. But it is only the genuine Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, with the full name (seven words) on the pink wrapper which cure. Any substitute offered will disappoint. When shopkeepers try to push substitutes, readers are requested to send the names of the tradesmen who thus seek to trade on our reputation. They may write in absolute confidence to Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and may also, if they choose, obtain the pills by post, free of postage, for 2s. 9d. per box; six boxes 13s. 9d. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people may be obtained, however, wherever medicine is sold, and will be genuine if they bear the full title as above shown in the small picture of the genuine package.

MORAL STORIES.—I.

The Shopkeeper who Shouldn't.

A WOMAN went into a shop to ask for Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People to cure her Rheumatism. "Madam," said the Shopkeeper, "I should like to Sell you something of my Own, which is Just as Good, and Cheaper."

The Woman answered him Straight Back. She said: "I have heard of you. If you wish to sell me something that is not what I asked for, it is because you can Make more Money by it. You are not here for your Health, but I Am. None of your Substitutes for Me."

"Very well, Madam," said the Shopkeeper, "and what else do you Desire?"

"Nothing," said the Woman. "I will get all my Goods at the Other Shop, where they don't try to Cheat me."

MORAL.

The Shopkeeper shouldn't try to sell Substitutes. It does not pay in the End. And the public shouldn't buy Substitutes. It doesn't pay in the Beginning nor in the End.

SCIENTIFIC WRESTLERS.

WRESTLING as a science is rapidly coming to the fore. A small man who knows the science of the subject can overthrow a man much more powerful and heavy. Science, not bulk, tells. Because of that bile beans are more effective than the older and out-of-date medicines. With most of these, two, four, or even six, constitute a dose. With bile beans one bean is one dose. They owe their wonderful power to the fact that they are purely vegetable in nature, and are the product of the latest scientific research. At this season of the year they are found most effective in clearing away blood impurities. Mr. James Murphy, of 1, Zion Street, Hendon, Sunderland, says: "A few months ago my face was a mass of pus-charged pimples, but now my skin is perfectly clean and healthy. I had suffered from the pimples for three years, and could get no relief, though I had medical advice, and took a vast amount of medicines. On the advice of a friend I at last tried bile beans, and gradually the pimples began to disappear. I persevered with the beans till not a single pimple remained. I can truthfully say that bile beans have thoroughly purified my blood, and cleansed my whole system. They have not only banished the pimples, but they have made a new man of me, and given me a fresh lease of life."

"ON TICKET-OF-LEAVE."

WHEN an offender against the law is liberated on ticket-of-leave he is not freed from the result of his offence, but may be called back to continue the punishment at any time. When offenders against the laws of health, who have been overtaken by nature's punishment—indigestion, biliousness, etc.—are freed by bile beans, their freedom is complete. Bile beans do not give mere temporary relief. They cure permanently. "Bile beans cured me of bilious headaches, dizziness, and weakness some years back, and I have remained well ever since," says Mrs. E. Stainer, of Barton Village, Isle of Wight. "I fell down in a fit some years ago, and when I recovered my senses I found myself stretched on a sick bed, with a doctor attending me. All his medicine, however, failed to cure me permanently. I still felt giddy, and I also had pains in the chest and side, and between the shoulders. I was too weak to do my work, and when I reached over a tub or bath to do my washing I was in unbearable pain. For fully a year I was unable to walk up the street. All this time I was taking various advertised medicines, but without benefit, and at last I was induced to give bile beans a trial. Gradually the symptoms began to improve, the pains disappeared, and the noises in my head left me. My strength returned, and, although I am over sixty years of age, I now feel stronger and better in health than ever I did in my life."

SMUGGLERS DETECTED AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

AN up-to-date detective has just discovered that for over twenty years tobacco has been smuggled every day over the French frontier in recesses cunningly let into the seats of the railway passenger carriages. Up-to-date methods of search quickly put a stop to this abuse. In like manner bile beans, which is prepared on up-to-date scientific lines, search out and remove hidden poison in the system when every other treatment has failed. They are an unfailing remedy for skin eruptions, biliousness, indigestion, liver complaint, and all ailments arising from disorder of the liver and digestive organs. You can obtain a free sample box of bile beans direct from the bile bean co.'s central depot, Greek Street, Leeds, by sending a penny stamp to cover the return postage. The only condition imposed is that you cut out this paragraph from *Pearson's Weekly*, of April 9th, and enclose it in your envelope.

FITS CURED. From the first dose of Ozerine fits cease. It has cured permanently the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price 4/6 and 11/-, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Sample Bottle sent free in exchange for this advertisement. Test it. I. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist 25 High Street, Belfast. (2.)

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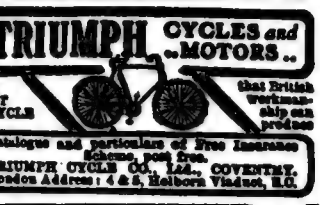

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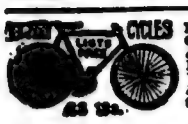

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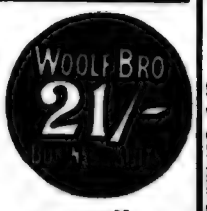

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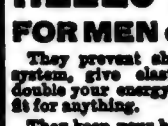

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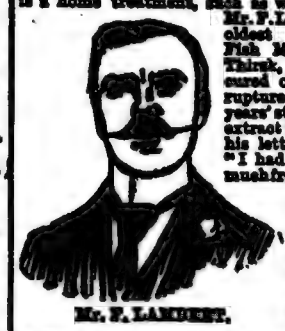

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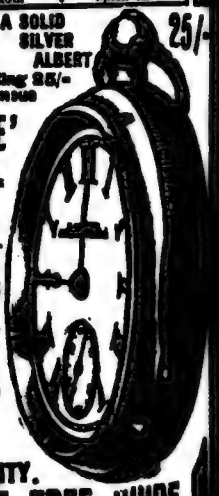

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CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.
Carnac's Courtship.

EILEEN had altered so little that Carnac would have had no difficulty in recognising her, though, perhaps, not at first glance. Her face was fuller and more rounded, the eyes were as beautiful as ever, and, though not a handsome face, it had a sweetness and a grace which, to Carnac's thinking, made her more attractive than if Nature had given her perfect features and rosy cheeks.

"So you live at Ryefield!" she said presently, and *apropos* of nothing in particular.

Carnac explained that he lived, not in the town, but at Manor Farm House, which he had converted into a hunting-box.

"And do you live there all alone?" she asked.

"I have a few servants."

"Naturally. But——"

"Nobody else. I am so unfortunate as to be a bachelor."

Eileen coloured a little, then inquired whether he knew this or that old inhabitant, and asked some other questions, but none about her kinsfolk. Then she counted his pulse, an operation which, to Carnac's regret, lasted only half a minute.

"To-morrow is Sunday," she said, rising. "Patients who can walk as far, and care to do so, go to the village church or chapel. For the others, there is a short service in the large dining-room at six o'clock, conducted by one of the curates."

"Shall you be there?" he queried.

"Of course. I play the harmonium," and then, refusing his invitation to stay a few minutes longer on the ground that she had much to do, went her way.

Carnac fancied that it would be satisfactory to Eileen if he also were to be present at the service. So, when the time came, he went, with the help of his man and his crutches, to the large dining-room, and took possession of the invalid chair which had been provided for him.

The congregation consisted of a dozen patients and half as many maidservants. Eileen both played the harmonium and led the singing, and, after the service, the singing was continued by two or three of the domestics and a few of the patients. To Sister's accompaniment, they sang several old favourites, concluding with "Lead, kindly Light," and the evening hymn.

Carnac had grown hard and shed most of his old beliefs, but physical suffering and nervous prostration had softened him more than he knew, and these melodies, some of which he had learnt at his mother's knee, touched him almost to tears, reviving pathetic memories, and overwhelming him with a sense of the emptiness of his life and his own loneliness. He wanted sympathy, and yearned for a friend whom he could grapple to his soul with hooks of steel, and his heart went out to Eileen, whose sweet voice was music in his ears and whose gracious presence thrilled him with a new pleasure.

When the singing was over, he rose from his chair and bade her good-night.

"I am so pleased you came," she said, as they shook hands.

"I also. I shall come again—if I may."

"Of course you may, and I hope you will. We shall always be glad to see you. So many men don't care about these things."

Carnac winced a little. He had attended the service less because he "cared about these things" than to please Eileen and for the joy of being near her. For he loved her as he had never loved before, not with the hot passion of a hero of romance, but the devoted affection of a mature man, who knows the difference between the fancy that passes and the love that lasts. Yet, though still young enough to love, he was too old to cherish illusions or minimise the difficulties he would have to overcome before he could make Eileen his wife.

The first difficulty was his having "done time." But the confession was enough to prove his innocence. No just person would think the worse of a man for being unjustly condemned, and Eileen was more than just. Her judgments were always charitable, and she was of too noble a nature to be unforgiving, even were there aught to forgive.

Whether the social stigma, the undeniable fact of his being an ex-convict, would make any difference, was another question. Carnac thought not. Eileen was more likely to pity him for his misfortunes than ostracise him because others despised him.

But Guy Daryl was her brother, and, though there might be no love lost between them, blood is thicker than water, and it would not be surprising if she should refuse to marry the man who was bent on exposing his misdeeds and driving him from public life.

To meet this difficulty by foregoing his revenge was unthinkable. Carnac, as we know, called it retribution; he deemed punishing Guy a duty, which he owed as well to society as himself, and he could not renounce his purpose even for his love's sake.

On the other hand, he meant to woo Eileen. To marry her without telling her his story and how he proposed to deal with her brother was, of course, out of the question; but he might, if he could, win her love first and tell her afterwards, and, though blood is thicker than water, the love of a true woman is stronger than either ties of kinship or pride of family.

This plan might not be quite honest, but everything is fair in love and war; and Carnac had no difficulty in convincing himself that the end justified the means.

So he laid himself out to win Eileen's favour, in the hope that, when she learnt the truth, she would not refuse him her hand. He sought her company assiduously, yet not too ostentatiously. Whenever he met her unexpectedly, his eyes brightened and his face lighted up with a smile; when they were together, his manner became tender, his voice caressing. If he saw her in the garden, he would join her, and he was fertile in excuses for calling at her rooms. Sometimes they discussed literature, and, if Eileen chanced to say that she would like to read this or that book, she was sure, in the course of a day or two, to find it on her table, "With Dr. Carnac's compliments." He sent her shoals of newspapers and magazines for her own use, as well as for that of the poorer patients, in whom he perhaps affected more attention than he felt.

One day, when making an official visit, she chanced, without thinking, to mention the sad case of a patient who had come to the end of his resources and would be obliged to leave the sanatorium, though he was still ailing. A City clerk, he was, and the doctor said that returning to London and his work in his then condition might prove fatal, whereas a continuation of the treatment for only a few weeks would almost certainly complete his cure. But as his savings were exhausted, and he had a wife and child to maintain, he had no choice.

"Poor fellow! Let me help him," exclaimed Carnac eagerly. "Tell the secretary to include his weekly bills in mine, and I will pay them so long as Dr. Stevens thinks it necessary for him to remain here. He need not worry about his wife. She shall not want. Here" (opening his drawer), "I will give you a cheque for fifty pounds, and, if that is not enough——"

"You are very kind, but I was not begging for him, and I did not expect——" interrupted Eileen, reddening.

"I know you were not, but I am sure you will let me help the poor fellow, nevertheless. I should esteem it a favour. I have more money than I want, and do precious little good with it."

Eileen accepted Carnac's offer "with thanks," though she had an uneasy feeling that she thereby laid herself under a personal obligation to him.

"You ought to have a fund for such cases—a good round sum that you can do what you like with," he added presently. "Let me start it by placing a thousand pounds at your disposal."

"A thousand pounds! You take my breath away, Dr. Carnac," protested Eileen. "It is too much. I could not—I really could not accept so great a responsibility."

"At any rate, you will let me know when you meet with any similar cases. I shall esteem it a privilege to be allowed to help some of my fellow creatures who are less fortunate than myself. You promise?"

"Of course, and will perform. I could not do otherwise. Being able to help others is, as you say, a privilege. Your generosity has made one person very happy and one very grateful. Fenton will be overwhelmed. But I must go. I reckon only ten minutes for a duty call, and I have been here twenty."

"To me it seems hardly five. You must not forget Fenton's cheque, though" (giving it to her). "Are you busy just now?"

The question was merely a pretext for prolonging the interview.

"Very busy," answered Eileen. "We have been advertising for an assistant housekeeper. Mrs. Miles is getting into years and past her work, and, as it would hurt the poor old body's feelings to pension her off, the trustees are going to provide her with an assistant. We have received scores of applications, all of which I must go through carefully with the secretary."

"In addition to your other work! Yes, indeed, you must be very busy."

Carnac would have continued the conversation, but Eileen, declaring that she must not stay a minute longer, took her departure.

But, even when he was out of her sight, he was not out of her mind. Being neither dull nor blind, she saw—had seen for some time—that he had taken a fancy for her. His attentions were unmistakable; his manner, and now and then his words, meant love, and foreshadowed a proposal.

What answer ought she to make when it came? He had interested her from the first. She enjoyed his company, his attentions were not unpleasing to her, his liberality delighted her, albeit she was shrewd enough to suspect that its motive was as much to please her as to help others.

Nevertheless, Eileen was not altogether satisfied with Carnac. He was not an Englishman, and all she knew of his people was that he had a married sister somewhere in America, whom he had not seen for many years. She was almost equally ignorant of his past, as to which he was no more communicative than as to his family. In short, the man was a mystery, and Eileen disliked mysteries. On the other hand, she could not think that Carnac had ever done aught discreditable, and, though his reserve piqued her curiosity, it did not make her doubt his integrity. Appearances are proverbially deceitful, and nothing is easier than to make wrong deductions.

Now and then Eileen had fancied that Carnac was outwardly not unlike Dr. Wynne, but, as yet, the possibility of their being one and the same had not occurred to her, even vaguely.

Poor Dr. Wynne! She often thought of him pityingly, and wondered what had become of him. For, notwithstanding her growing interest in Dr. Carnac, she had still a tender feeling for her first love.

The next time Eileen and Carnac met was in the garden.

"How about the assistant housekeeper? Have you made your choice?" he asked, after they had exchanged greetings.

"Yes, and I think a good one. Somebody I knew at Ryefield," replied Eileen.

"A Ryefield woman?"

"No; a North Country woman. Her name is Sharples. She was poor Dr. Wynne's housekeeper."

Carnac gave a start, and changed countenance.

"Dr. Wynne's housekeeper!" he repeated mechanically.

"Yes. She kept his house all the time he was at Ryefield. You have heard his story, of course?"

"Yes, I have heard his story," assented Carnac.

"Mrs. Sharples is rather rough-spoken and very Lancashire, but a notable woman and an excellent manager, just the woman to keep the maids in order. Mrs. Miles has let them get out of hand."

"And when is—what did you say her name was?"

"Sharples. She is a middle-aged widow, and had known Dr. Wynne all his life, and was much attached to him."

"When is she coming?"

"In a few days, I hope. Probably next Monday."

Carnac made no answer, and, though aforetime always bright and talkative when in Eileen's company, became silent and pensive; and, when she proposed to leave him, made no attempt to detain her—to her surprise, and perhaps not altogether to her satisfaction.

The news of Mrs. Sharples' engagement was an immense surprise to him. She was keenly observant and as sharp as a needle. The odds were that she would recognise him, and be so rejoiced at seeing him as involuntarily or inadvertently to betray his secret, and he did not want Eileen to know the truth until he proposed to her, nor then unless she accepted him. Moreover, if the recognition took place in public, he would have to leave Allsprings.

On the other hand, Mrs. Sharples might not recognise him. They were not likely to meet often, and he would do his best to keep out of her way.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.
Proposals and Disposals.

MRS. SHARPLES arrived in due course, but so late in the evening and so tired with her journey that conversation and explanation were deferred until the following day.

As Eileen quickly perceived, the new housekeeper was less abrupt of speech and more subdued in manner than she had been of yore. Increasing years, wider experience, and the discipline of hospital work had chastened her spirit and "tamed her heart of fire." There was also, as presently appeared, another cause for the gravity of her countenance and the quietness of her demeanour.

"I was fair set-up when I saw your advertisement in the HOSPITAL," she said, after a few conventional questions had been asked and answered. "As you know from my testimonials, I was housekeeper in a convalescent home. But they got a new matron, and her and me didn't get on, and I was on the look-out for another shop. So I wrote off there and then, thinking you'd happen give me th' place for owd times' sake, and thanks to you I've gotten it."

"For that reason, and because I knew you would suit us. You remember our visit to Dr. Wynne and what a splendid tea you gave us. I never tasted such muffins and crumpets in my life, and that beef-steak pie was a work of art. By-the-way, have you any idea what has become of Dr. Wynne?"

Mrs. Sharples burst into tears.

"He's gone dead, Miss Daryl! My poor lad has gone dead!" she moaned. "I am welly heartbroken. To think of him being persecuted and put in prison though he never did wrong, and then dying in a foreign land and laid by strangers in a foreign grave. It's pitiful! I'd known him sin' he wor a little lad, and loved him like my gradely own."

Eileen turned pale, and it was two or three minutes before she could command her voice, but Mrs. Sharples was too deeply absorbed in her grief to notice Eileen's emotion.

"When and from whom did you hear this?" she asked at length.

"A month or two sin', from a Whitebrooker as had been a long while in America. He heard it from another Whitebrook man, who had seen an account of th' poor lad's death in a Chicago paper. He had been badly hurt in a railway accident. Dr. Alfred Wynne, an Englishman, it called him."

"Have you seen the paper?"

"No, th' mon hadn't gotten one, but he had it all off quite pat."

"All the same, it seems to me too vague to be true. I would not believe it if I were you; I don't."

"I'm afeard as it's only too true. If you tak' notice, bad news nearly always is true. It's good news as is doubtful. That other mon was quite sure as it was our Dr. Wynne, and we cannot gainsay as it wasn't. I wish we could. Poor lad, poor lad!"

Here Mrs. Sharples began to weep again, and, to divert her thoughts from her sorrow, Eileen took her round the house and instructed her in her new duties.

Though she distrusted unauthenticated rumour, and as, touching the report of Wynne's death was distinctly sceptical, Eileen could not deny that it might be true; the mere possibility troubled her. As she thought of his terrible downfall and of the undeserved misfortune that had befallen him, tears filled her eyes, and, in spite of herself, her sadness was reflected in her face.

Not long after the conversation with Mrs. Sharples, Eileen met Dr. Carnac—unexpectedly on her part, by design on his. He saw that she was unhappy, and inquired with solicitude what had happened to grieve her.

"Nothing that will interest you," she replied.

"That is impossible. Whatever interests you must interest me," he said, laying stress on the "must."

"Well, there is no reason why you shouldn't know," returned Eileen, after a moment's hesitation. "I have been told, though I really cannot believe it, that poor Dr. Wynne, about whom we were talking the other day, is dead."

Carnac gave a start, which, but for his lameness, had been a jump.

"Dr. Wynne dead!" he exclaimed. "Who has been telling—who says so?"

"Mrs. Sharples. She heard it from a Whitebrook man who lately came back from America, and he heard it from another Whitebrook man who had seen the announcement in a Chicago paper," returned Eileen, and then repeated the whole history, as told by the housekeeper.

"A lamer tale I never heard. You are quite right in disbelieving it," said Carnac. "It is all hearsay. Mrs. Sharples' informant had not seen the paper, and, even though he had, it would prove nothing. 'Dr. Alfred Wynne, an

"The Moujik and the Jap"—a comparison of the good and bad qualities of the fighting nations in the East—see PEARSON'S MAGAZINE for April.

Englishman,' is vagueness itself. There must be scores of the same name in England and more in America."

"But not scores of doctors," put in Eileen.

"'Dr.' may be a misprint for 'Mr.' Nothing more likely. Besides, we don't know that your Dr. Wynne was in America. You may depend on it that the man is alive and well," quoth Carnac with a smile, and there was an amused twinkle in his eye that, considering the circumstances, Eileen deemed bad form.

She little guessed that, but for her presence, the smile had been a laugh, and, when she was gone, he laughed heartily. Carnac had met with some strange experiences, but this was the first time he had been called upon to contradict the report of his own decease. Nevertheless, he was not ill-pleased with his old housekeeper's credulity. She would be the less likely to "tell him," as she herself would have said.

Eileen went away confirmed in her scepticism, and tried to bring Mrs. Sharples to her view of the matter, and Dr. Carnac's.

But Mrs. Sharples could not be convinced, and refused to be comforted. Once she got an idea into her head, it was not easily got out.

"You're very kind, miss, and I thank you, but it's no use," she said. "Peter Crossley, that's him as told me, is a creditable mon and wouldn't deceive me for no money. Besides, there's summat here," laying her hand on her bosom, "as tells me it's true. I shall never see th' poor lad again i' this world."

Seeing that she was impervious to argument, Eileen changed the subject by inquiring how she had fared since her departure from Ryefield.

"Middling weel, take it altogether," was the answer. "I've had ups and downs like other folk. Th' last was a hup, and it's another hup coming here. But once I had a gradely down. I was clean ruined, lost all my savings, and had to sell my cottage-house as brought me in eight shillings a week, taking one week with another."

"Dear me! How was that?" asked Eileen sympathetically.

"It was all along of a nephew o' mine, a joiner by trade, as set up for hissel'. He was as hard-working a young fellow as ever sawed a board or drove a nail, but short o' capital, and, to give him a start, me and another went bail wi' him for an overdraft at th' bank. He geet on weel till he made a big bad debt. Then there was a strike. That finished him. He broke, and th' bank called on me to pay up. So I sold my cottage-house and gave 'em all I had laid by, more than sixty pounds. And that did not satisfy 'em. They wanted twenty pounds more, and I should have had to pay so much every month if Mr. Briggs, a single gentleman as I was cook-housekeeper for, had not gotten me off for ten and paid it out of his own pocket.

"When he died I got a place as warder in a mad-house. But I hadn't been there long when one o' th' mad 'uns, a big strapping lass as th' doctor said was as harmless as a hinfant, flew at me with a big pair of scissors as she had hidden about her dress, and if I hadn't fended her off wi' a cushion and knocked her down wi' my arm she'd ha' struck me, sure as a gun. That wasn't good enough, and when th' superintendent said I shouldn't ha' used violence, which was another way of saying I should ha' let mysel' be killed quietly, I gave notice.

"My next place was at th' convalescent home. It was while I was there I had my honeyfall."

"Your honeyfall? What is that?" queried Eileen.

"A stroke o' luck. Some folk would call it a windfall. But it was honey to me. I reckon naught o' wind. One day I geet a letter fro' Mr. Mardon, a solicitor, saying that if I called at his office i' Whitebrook I should hear something to my advantage. It seemed a queer notion hearing something to one's advantage at a lawyer's office. It's mostly t'other way about. However, I went, and he told me he had five hundred pounds for me."

"A legacy, I suppose?"

"Nay, that's th' queer part on it. All Mr. Mardon could tell me was as he had received it from a firm of London solicitors, with instructions to hand it o'er to me in exchange for my receipt."

"And was there no other explanation?"

"Only as they were acting on behalf of a client."

"Who were the solicitors?"

"Mr. Mardon wouldn't tell. All I had to do was signing: 'I acknowledge the receipt from Mardon and Mardon of five hundred pounds, the gift of a friend.' After I had signed 'Mary Sharples' over a penny stamp I wrote under it 'with thanks.' I thought it was only right, and gradely thankful I was, I can tell you. I added a bit to it as I had saved and put it all into corporation stock, and it's there now."

"And when did this happen?"

"About six months sin'."

"And you have no idea who this mysterious friend may be?"

"No more than you have, Miss Daryl. There is nobody belonging to me as has five hundred pounds to spare, or would give it me if they had, and I don't know a soul in all London. Mr. Mardon said as it must be somebody as wanted to hide his light under a bushel."

"That is evident," remarked Eileen, and then fell a-thinking. The story interested as much as it puzzled her. She pondered it deeply, and out of the chaos of her thoughts there presently emerged two definite ideas. The first was that the only person in the wide world likely to present Mrs. Sharples with five hundred pounds was her old master. The second was that if he were the mysterious donor he must be, or have been lately, in London. Anyhow, that was a fair inference, though perhaps not a certainty.

Then there flashed into Eileen's mind another idea. It came like an inspiration.

Could Dr. Carnac be Dr. Wynne with a much altered face and another name? Was the likeness between the two—if there were two—mere coincidence or something more significant?

Now that she had got the clue, Eileen bethought her of further resemblances, as well of feature as of manner, and marvelled that she had not detected them before. Carnac was about the same age as Wynne would be, and, though broader, of the same height. Nor were these the only corroborating circumstances. Wynne had a married sister in America. So had Carnac, and the fact of his conviction for forgery would account for his reluctance to talk about himself and his past.

Moreover, Eileen had marked his change of colour and start of surprise when he heard that Mrs. Sharples was coming to Allsprings. Her name, were he really Wilfrid Carnac, could have no significance for him. His amused smile on being told of Wynne's supposed death was another significant fact.

The next time Eileen met her lover she scanned his features with fresh interest, and detected in them similarities to those of Dr. Wynne which had previously escaped her scrutiny. Suspicion crystallised into certainty. There could be no question that the so-called Wilfrid Carnac was Alfred Wynne with an alias and a face so changed by time, trouble, exposure to the elements, and that unsightly scar as to deceive the very elect. Even Mrs. Sharples had not recognised him.

Eileen's discovery rejoiced her greatly. It explained so much. She understood now how it was that, though she had given her heart to Carnac, she could not forget Wynne. The new flame was the revival of the old love under happier auspices. Eileen was also rejoiced to think that after many buffetings Fortune had smiled on him, and that his sufferings had neither diminished his energy nor soured his mind.

Nevertheless, she had a grievance. That he loved her she had no doubt. His attentions could have no other motive. When he spoke to her there was love in his voice. He had almost declared it in words. And he must know that his love was returned. Had it been otherwise she would never have allowed their friendship to become so intimate or even to continue.

Why, then, did not Wynne give her his confidence? Why had he kept up his incognito, and, as it were, wooed her under false pretences? Love and trust ought to go hand in hand. The one implied the other, and it vexed Eileen that he had not been more open with her.

For this offence against the law of love she resolved to give him a lesson, and let him see that she was not to be won so easily as he seemed to expect, as, feeling sure of him, she might do with impunity. For, albeit good and true and past the age of caprice, Eileen had all a strong woman's liking for power, and it gratified her to think she had one of the other sex at her beck and call, a man to whom her will was law.

Eileen began the contemplated lesson by giving Carnac the cold shoulder. For three days she neither looked into his sitting-room, officially or otherwise, nor admitted him into hers, and when they met casually would merely acknowledge his greeting with a nod and pass on. This behaviour both surprised and troubled him. He feared he had offended her, though he could not imagine how or when. Then, seeing that he was worried, Eileen relented and became as nice to him as ever. But before long she cooled again, and kept up the game by alternately tormenting him with the distance of her manner and cheering him with the solace of her company.

Carnac began to think Eileen did not care for him. But her alternations of mood acted as a "spur to his intent." He would know her mind and his fate, come what might. There were other reasons for hastening the crisis. The sanatorium was not a hotel. When patients were healed they had to go. Their room was more wanted than their company. And Carnac was nearly well. Before the end of the month he, too, would have to depart.

So, as it behoved him, he sought diligently for an occasion to have it out with Eileen. After several disappointments, the opportunity came—unexpectedly, as is the way with opportunities.

It happened one day that he took a walk in the wood with no other company than a pair of stout sticks, more to keep up appearances than because he needed their help. Here and there among the trees were pleasant shelters where patients might rest and be thankful, or take refuge in foul weather.

After a while Carnac chanced on a shelter hidden among shrubs, the thatched roof overhung with branches and the open front festooned with roses and honeysuckle, that he had never seen before. A charming bower it was, and an ideal lovers' trysting place.

But the idea did not occur to Carnac. "Just the place for a rest and a smoke," he thought, and looked in, when, to his agreeable surprise, he espied his sweetheart reclining in a rustic chair with a book on her lap.

"Have you room for one more?" he asked, lifting his hat.

"Certainly. Come in and take this chair," she answered with a smile, that raised Carnac's spirits. "How did you know I was here?"

"I did not know. Nurse Lupton told me you were off duty this morning, but had no idea where you were gone. My star must have guided me."

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Eileen made no answer. Carnac took the vacant chair.

"Anyhow, I am more glad to find you alone than I can tell," he added. "I have a question to ask you, on which much—for me everything that makes life worth having—depends. You must have divined that I loved you, and, unless I am mistaken, you care a little for me. Will you be my wife?"

"That is a question which needs consideration."

"By all means consider it, then. But you can at least say whether you love me," returned Carnac anxiously.

"That is almost the same question, isn't it? The one implies the other. Suppose I cannot tell or that I have not made up my mind? Our acquaintance has not been long; I know nothing of your people and very little of your past. In truth, Dr. Carnac, I think you have not been as frank with me as a man ought to be with the woman he professes to love——"

"Professes to love! If you could only read my heart," broke in Carnac impetuously. "All the same, I cannot deny that you have a right to complain. But say you love me, and I will make full confession. Then you will admit that I had good reason for my reticence. For Heaven's sake, Eileen, don't keep me in suspense. Have I your love? If not I will go away and trouble you no more."

Eileen gave him her hand, and, looking him straight in the face, said demurely: "I love you both."

"Love us both! Why—what—how—what do you mean?"

"I mean that I love both Wilfrid Carnac and Alfred Wynne, the one as much as the other. I hope you are not jealous?" answered Eileen with a mischievous smile.

"How long—when did you find me out?" Carnac gasped.

"Not until Mrs. Sharples came. She told me that an unknown benefactor had sent her five hundred pounds. I knew that only her old master would be so generous and mysterious. The rest was easy. I fancied at our first meeting that I had known somebody not unlike you, and on recalling certain circumstances and studying your features more closely I felt sure you were Dr. Wynne."

"And all the time I was living in a fool's paradise."

"Not quite; only since Mrs. Sharples——"

"Does she know?" interrupted Carnac.

"Nobody knows but myself. Mrs. Sharples believes you are dead, and nothing short of your own personal testimony will convince her that you are alive. But why have you kept me in the dark?"

"Because I believed I had a better chance of winning your love as Dr. Carnac, an American, than as Alfred Wynne, an ex-convict."

"An ex-convict wrongly convicted."

"God bless you, Eileen, for that saying. All the same, I don't understand how, in the face of your brother's evidence and the jury's verdict, you could believe me innocent."

"It is no mere belief. I know you were innocent."

"Know! How is that possible, unless——"

Carnac stopped short. He had nearly said "unless you have proof that your brother lied."

"I know because I saw you give Guy the proceeds of the bill," rejoined Eileen, and then related what she had seen and overheard in the library at Passingford. "Not until I had read an account of your trial in the paper and heard it talked about did I grasp the significance of the incident and realise that my evidence might have cleared you," she added. "Then it was too late. All the same, I ought to have told your solicitor or Dr. Jardine what I had seen. I refrained from doing so, not for Guy's sake, whose treachery is as hateful to me as it can be to you, but for my dear father's sake. The revelation of his son's wickedness would have broken his heart. So, like the coward I was, I held my peace. Can you forgive me?"

Eileen put her hand on Carnac's shoulder and looked with loving eyes into his.

"God bless you, dear," he repeated. "There is nothing to forgive. I could not expect you to expose your brother's villainy and bring your father's grey hairs to the grave for my sake. It would not have been right, and it would not have helped me in the least. Nothing you could have said or done would have induced the Home Secretary to order my release."

"I might have made the attempt. Guy is aware that I know you are innocent, and it is because of his perjury that, ever since my father's death, I have refused to meet him."

"You broke with your family for my sake! Oh, Eileen, how can I——"

"Wait till I have finished my confession. I have not been nice to you of late. I have teased and tormented you, not that I loved you any less, but to punish you for keeping me in the dark. I know now that you had good reason for doing so, and I ask your pardon."

"No, no, it is I who ought to ask your pardon."

"What for?"

"For the way I treated you at Passingford, for making as though I loved you and then neglecting you. I was both cowardly and selfish. I feared your people would not sanction your marriage with a poor country doctor, and thought I could not afford to marry and that you might refuse to share my lot. I was wrong, as I now see. But that was my opinion at the time, and I hardened my heart against you. Then Benita came along and fascinated me with her girlish ways and taking face. But my love for her did not survive her inconstancy and desertion, though for that, as I have since learnt, she was not without excuse. Then I realised what a mistake I had made, and often in the solitude of my cell reviled the day on which I first met her and thought sadly of you, Eileen, for I was without hope of seeing you ever again. That is what I had to say. Can you forgive me?"

"With all my heart. Besides, we are quits, since, if you wooed Benita, I came very near marrying poor Tilter, and now that we have both confessed and given each other absolution, I want you to tell me more about your immediate past, especially your present relations with Guy."

"You shall know everything, dear, as is now your right. I have done with reserves," said Carnac, and then he gave Eileen an account of his recent proceedings and his scheme for completing Guy's punishment (he was careful not to say his revenge) by publishing the confession.

(To be concluded shortly.)

Mrs. C. N. Williamson's splendid series—"True Tales of Monte Carlo"—starts in the April LADY'S MAGAZINE.

IT IS FATAL TO NEGLECT KIDNEY COMPLAINT

The little leak, neglected, sinks the mighty vessel; the tiny spark, neglected, causes the fierce conflagration; the SEEMINGLY trifling symptom of kidney complaint (such as backache, urinary disorders, gravel, irregular action of the heart, swelling of the limbs, nervousness, languor, headache, dizziness, cold hands and feet, sallow complexion, &c.), leads on to the fatal Bright's Disease, dropsy, diabetes, and other advanced kidney disorders. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills should be taken at the FIRST sign of anything wrong. They are the reliable medicine for every disorder caused directly or indirectly through kidney weakness or inflammation; they drive out the uric acid that irritates the kidney membranes and clogs the passages. Doan's pills have been in use for the past seventy-three years; they help the kidneys in their great blood-filtering work, and give tone to the whole kidney organism.

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Pearson's Weekly.

DOAN'S Backache Kidney PILLS.

PICKWICK'S OPINION.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins!" said Sergeant Buzfuz in Mr. Pickwick's memorable trial.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?" said he, after a few unimportant questions. "Do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartments?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins. "I was there unknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy a quarter pound of **TOWER TEA,** which I must say as 'ow I wouldn't be without for worlds, and three pounds of red kidney purtaties, which was three pounds tuppence ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar. I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and——"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner. "I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves on my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

"And what did you hear him say?"

"My Lord and Jury, I heard him say, as clearly as if I 'ad been listening as hard as ever I could, that on no account was Mrs. Bardell ever to get him any other tea but

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Mr. James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes: "It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited about twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—October 15th, 1903.

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ISOBEL *will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES PAGE.

To Wash the Head. Dissolve a teaspoonful of powdered borax in about two quarts of water. Use this for the first washing, and rub thoroughly into the roots of the hair. Rinse as usual, always having a perfectly cold douche to finish.

To Remove Marking Ink Stains from Linen. Paint the mark with a solution of cyanide of potassium with a camel's-hair brush. As soon as the ink disappears, the linen should be well rinsed in cold water. (*Reply to* R. T. S.)

To Make Fly Papers. Melt some resin, and add, while soft, sweet oil or lard to make it when cold about the consistency of honey. Spread a stout paper and place in convenient places. This will soon be covered with flies and can be burnt. (*Thanks to* BURTON.)

To Stain Floor Boards. Procure permanganate of potash in crystals of a chemist and dissolve in boiling water. Paint this on to the boards while hot. If you wish a dark stain, have one ounce of permanganate of potash to each quart of water. (*Reply to* SCARBOROUGH.)

To Clean a Zinc Bath. Scour it with fine coal ash, moistened with paraffin. Use a coarse cloth for this purpose, and rub evenly all over the bath. Then wipe out carefully, and rinse in hot soapy soda water. Buckets scoured in this way, too, are made to look as new. (*Reply to* HATTON.)

German Mustard. This will keep a year. Eight tablespoonfuls of mustard, four tablespoonfuls each of salt and white pepper and white sugar, a saltspoonful of cayenne, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the juice of one raw onion (a large onion squeezed through a lemon squeezer), and mix with vinegar. (*Reply to* SUBB.)

To Mend Amber requires a certain amount of care, though the process is a simple one. Apply some linseed oil to the broken edges, and then hold the oiled parts over a gas jet, covering the rest of the amber meanwhile with a cloth. As soon as the oiled parts become sticky with the heat, press the two edges which are to be united together and hold them very carefully till nearly cold. (*Reply to* DINA.)

To Clean Playing Cards. The following method will be found to remove everything from cards except a stain, and will give the dirtiest pack the appearance of being new. Rub the cards that are soiled with a piece of new flannel and butter, as if polishing, until the butter has cleared away all dirt. Next wipe off the butter with a clean rag. To restore the cards to their former gloss, rub the surface sharply with a piece of flannel and some flour. To complete the renovation neatly cut the edges of the cards with a pair of sharp scissors. (*Reply to* N. DEVON.)

I am Always Willing to Help My Correspondents.

You say you want a pattern of a coat which is suitable for Spring wear, and simple and neat in style. What do you think of the one depicted in the margin? By following the directions concerning it, and with the aid of the paper pattern which is given away with that invaluable ladies' paper HOME NOTES, dated April 7th, 1904, you can make this becoming and useful garment. You will also find much that is of great interest and helpful, such as "Science and Health," telling how to make the hair beautiful; interesting Tourist Notes; Open letter on the subject, "Is the Little Girl Unpopular?"; a useful article on Stage Fitting and Scene Painting for Amateur Theatricals, etc., in HOME NOTES, price one penny, every Friday. (*Reply to* P. N. A., Rhyl.)

When Carving Salmon and all short grained fish, cut it lengthwise, using a broad fish slice to avoid breaking the flakes.

Prevent Milk from Curdling by adding a good pinch of carbonate of soda to each quart of milk before putting it on to boil.

The Danger of Infection during an epidemic is very much lessened if people will take a warm bath daily, at night if possible, and take plenty of really nourishing food.

This Ointment is Good for Chapped Hands. Melt and stir together two ounces of lard, one ounce of almond oil, two ounces and a half of white wax, and half an ounce of prepared camphor. Put this into small pots for use, and apply at night. (*Reply to* E. P.)

A Breakfast Dish. Fry in a little butter a chopped onion, a quarter of a pound of well-boiled rice, weighed before boiling, three ounces of minced ham, cayenne pepper and salt. Stir till all is heated through, scatter a little curry powder over, and serve at once.

An Invisible Cement which will suit your purpose is made by boiling isinglass in spirits of wine. This produces quite a transparent cement which renders the join almost imperceptible. While the cement is being prepared use a gallipot stood in a pan of fast boiling water. (*Reply to* KATE.)

Oatmeal Cakes. Mix a dessertspoonful of sugar, ditto baking powder, with one pound of oatmeal and a pinch of salt. When thoroughly well mixed, make the oatmeal into a light batter with skim milk. Beat up well with a wooden spoon and bake on a greased griddle, a spoonful at a time. (*Reply to* INTERESTED.)

To Prevent Lamp Glasses Cracking put them into a large pan of cold water, packed round with hay or straw, bring slowly to the boil, and then stand at the side of the fire to cool. Remove the pan from the stove, but do not take out the glasses till all is cold. Dry very thoroughly before using. A few drops of water on a lamp chimney will crack it instantly. (*Reply to* CHIMNEY.)

Brown Scones are greatly appreciated at the breakfast table, and may be prepared as follows: Rub three ounces of butter into one pound and a quarter of wholemeal flour, add a dessertspoonful of caster sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix into a light dough with sour milk. Roll out, cut into scone-shaped pieces, brush over with milk, and bake in a quick oven. N.B.—Butter-milk is better than sour milk, if you can obtain it.

For Cocoanut Ice. Put one pound of the best loaf sugar, broken into lumps, into a sauce-pan, and pour over it half a pint of water. Let it stand half an hour, and then place it on the fire and allow it to cook for five minutes. Remove the scum and boil the sugar until it is thick and white; then stir into it a quarter of a pound of fresh cocoanut finely grated. Stir unceasingly until it rises in a mass in the pan, then spread it as quickly as possible over sheets of paper which have dried before the fire. Remove the paper before the ice is quite cold and let it dry. (*Reply to* OAKLEA.)

Lemon Pudding. Mix two ounces of ground rice, one ounce of sugar, two ounces of stale breadcrumbs, and two ounces of chopped suet together in a basin. Grate the outer rind of a lemon into the basin; roll the lemon to make it soft; cut it in two and squeeze the juice into a basin, keeping back the pips. Stir these ingredients thoroughly together, and add, gradually, enough milk to make a stiff mixture (about a quarter of a pint). Place in a well-greased mould, cover tightly with greased paper, and steam steadily for two hours. Turn out to serve, and pour a nice sweet sauce round.

These Two Tripe Dishes will, I hope, suit your elderly friend: *Tripe à la Bourgeois.*—Slice four large onions, and fry in dripping till they are a rich golden brown. Add a quart of stock, and two pounds of tripe cut in slices. Simmer for one hour. Before serving take out the tripe. Work two tablespoonfuls of flour into a paste with cold water and add to the stock. Stir while all boils and thickens. Season with pepper and salt, and, if liked, lean boiled bacon chopped finely. *Hashed Tripe.*—Take about one pound of tripe and cut it in strips, place it in a sauce-pan with a breakfastcupful of milk or milk and water. Add to it one ounce of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour worked into it. Season with pepper and a little minced onion and salt, and simmer slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Serve garnished with chopped parsley. (*Reply to* BURY.)

Isobel

DON'TS FOR LADIES WHO DANCE.

BY AN INDIGNANT MAN.

THE conduct of girls, nowadays, is enough to make all the grandmothers, who have lived and died, turn in their graves; such behaviour as is now regularly and openly practised would have scandalised them.

Without beating about the bush I will proceed to point out a few of the very many circumstances in which dancing ladies may immediately change their ways, and I will add that unless they do so, they will, at no distant date, drive away what is left of the once happy throng of dancing men.

Don't arrive at the hall, where the dance is to be held, half-an-hour late and follow that up by spending another half-hour in the dressing-room. If you do so you cannot be surprised to find, on finally arriving in the room, that the original ardour of the men is somewhat damped.

Don't, on entering the room, walk straight up to another lady, who is a friend of yours, and begin an animated conversation relating to some domestic matter. If you do so the men will quite naturally think that you do not wish to be disturbed, and will hang about the door rather than seem to intrude.

Don't smile from ear to ear when a tall, dark and handsome man asks for the pleasure of a dance, and then frown from scalp to second chin when a short and rather plain man pays you the same attention. Remember that it has yet to be proved that good looks go hand-in-hand with good dancing, and that the plain man has as sensitive a disposition as the handsome one.

Don't decline to dance with a man who does not take your fancy on the ground of being "tired," and then, a moment later, say "yes" to a man whose figure and manners meet with your approval. Having once refused to dance an item on the programme stick to your decision, if only for the sake of the feelings of the one to whom you have said "no."

Don't go to a ball if you are poorly; it is a mistake of your own making, and the men are not at all to blame for it. One woman in three complains of a headache or dizziness on being escorted back to her seat; she may not intentionally wish to make the man feel uncomfortable, but the mere fact of hearing of an ailment jars him, for he gathers from the woman's tactless tone that he is partly responsible.

Don't watch the young lady who is dancing with the man to whom you are engaged to be married, as if you were a real live cat. If your jealousy is beyond your control, you should take the advice above offered to invalid women—stay away.

Don't confidentially explain to all your partners that the lady "over there," whose dress and merry manners are causing general admiration, is "loud." If it is a fact that she is loud it is a fact, and other folk will see it as readily as yourself. Recollect that to tell anybody of anything that is obvious is to underestimate their understanding.

Don't pretend to work up a flirtation with the young man whose *fiancée* is an old enemy of yours in the hope of paying off an old score; if you do you may meet with a well-deserved rebuke. In any case you will lessen the number of dancing men by one, for the offended *fiancée* will give her lover no more opportunities of being weak.

Don't, if you are a thin girl, smile till the veins on your temple bulge, on seeing a stout lady attempt too much. If you must smile, raise your fan to hide the lapse, or, better still, go behind a screen and stay there until the possibility of offending the one of generous proportions has passed.

Don't, if you are a stout girl, smile till your eyes close with fatness on seeing a thin girl's elbow pierce the neck of a sober gentleman, who is remonstrating with a friend about a little question of no special interest to the assembly. If you must smile, say something witty to your partner, and laugh when he laughs, so will all suspicion be removed.

Don't accept the invitation of every partner to go and have lemonade and cake. You cannot possibly need it all, and it is likely that such indulgence will lead to a headache. For want of something better to say, some men ask all their partners to adjourn to the refreshment department; it is quite easy for a lady to retain a man's good opinion if she could not accede to this request.

Don't, on going for your cloak, keep your sweetheart, or your brother, or husband, waiting fifteen minutes when five are more than enough to do all that is necessary. You will probably see your women friends again some day, when there will be ample opportunities for talking over all the doings of the evening.

HOLIDAYS FOR 1904.	
Good Friday	April 1.
Easter Monday	April 4.
Whitsun Monday	May 23.
Bank Holiday	August 1.
Christmas Day	December 25.
Boxing Day	December 26.

1904. MARCH.						
M		7	14	21	28	
T	1	8	15	22	29	
W	2	9	16	23	30	
T	3	10	17	24	31	
F	4	11	18	25		
S	5	12	19	26		

APRIL.						
M		4	11	18	25	
T		5	12	19	26	
W		6	13	20	27	
T		7	14	21	28	
F	1	8	15	22	29	
S	2	9	16	23	30	

MAY.						
M	2	9	16	23	30	
T	3	10	17	24	31	
W	4	11	18	25		
T	5	12	19	26		
F	6	13	20	27		
S	7	14	21	28		

BOOKS EVERYONE SHOULD GET.

HOW TO TAKE AND FIX PHOTOGRAPHS. A handbook of useful hints for amateur photographers.
MODERN CARD MANIPULATION. A volume containing Explanations of all the best card tricks of the leading conjurers.
ROSES AND HOW TO GROW THEM. A very useful handbook for amateur gardeners.
DAINTY DISHES FOR SLENDER INCOMES, containing a fund of all kinds of useful recipes.

To be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. each.

Amateur Journalists

GREAT progress has been made with the checking of the attempts sent in for the £5 a Week for Life Competition, but I fear that it will be some little time yet before I can announce the winners' names. Competitors may rest assured that everything is being done to arrive at the result as speedily as possible. In the meantime, I would remind those of my readers who have not already done so to enter the Great Letter Juggling Contest, the eleventh list of which will be found on page 738. The ten lists which have already appeared can still be obtained through any newsvendor, or for one shilling and twopence from the Publisher at this office. In addition to being a most fascinating competition, the prizes offered will amply compensate the winners for the time spent in finding solutions to the sets of letters.

WHY do wines improve with age?" asks G. H.——Because, G. H., they get married, and that always improves everything. To explain what I mean, wines when new are "single." Their various constituents have not had time to know each other, and the result is that the taste is complicated and unsatisfying, the alcoholic elements being too noticeable. With the process of years, the parts amalgamate, or "marry," as they say in the trade, and in time the wine acquires a softness and unity of taste which makes it seem good to us. There is a moral in all this which single men should lay well to heart.

No, S. W., the letters of registration which you see on motor-cars are not the initials of the places whence they come. To insure identity of the cars, the Local Government Board have given each county council or county borough a distinctive letter, or two letters, selected, without any apparent system, from the alphabet. Thus London is simply A., Liverpool is K., Birmingham O. The county of Lancashire is B., Hertfordshire is A.R., and so on. There are about 112 distinctive marks, which would occupy two columns of *P.W.* to give in full. Without a list of the index marks, a man in the street might guess in vain at the meaning of the letters on a passing car. The only clue given would be if the car contained either the letters G., S., V., I., or Z. If either of the first three, the car belongs to Scotland; if the last two, to Ireland. For instance, G. is Glasgow, S.A. is Aberdeen, R.I. is Dublin City, I.Y. Louth. No English or Welsh cars contain any of these letters. The registration authority is either the county or the borough council, according to whether the motorist lives in a county or a town. The person to whom to address applications is the Clerk to the County Council, or the Town Clerk.

SYLVIA writes: "Is it wrong to use two similar words in the same sentence, even if they have quite different meanings? For instance, I read the other day that somebody had taken 'some capital photographs of the French capital.' Should this have been differently expressed?"——Yes, it should have been differently expressed. It is a fault of style to repeat words, whether their meanings are the same or different. A sentence should be composed so as to have a pleasing effect on the ear. To repeat the same word twice, shortly in succession, is bad, because it irritates the ear. The writer should have said "excellent photographs of the French capital." However, sometimes, this rule may be broken. If the repeated word has, in one case, no proper alternative, then it is foolish not to use it. Again, sometimes the same word may be twice repeated for the sake of emphasis. For instance, the sentence "a friend in need is a friend indeed," would lose its charm if it had been written "a friend in need is a benefactor indeed." Yet a good many of our too pure writers would have done this thing.

RESULT OF THE "VERSE" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:

P. A. McMahon, Glenholme, Dolman Road, Aston Manor; W. B. Hazeldene, 43 Langham Road, West Green, Tottenham; C. Burry, Castle Street, Christchurch; L. Barton, 71 Queen's Park Road, Brighton; W. Trelease, Corner House, Ilfracombe; J. Kidd, 239 Albert Street, Townhead, Glasgow; J. Millar, 6 Oxford Street, Edinburgh; H. J. Weller, 113 Griffin Road, Plumstead; J. Parry, 33 Granville Street, Ashton-under-Lyne; J. P. Lewis, 84 Mansel Street, Swansea; H. O. Besanvalle, 8A Vicarage Mansions, West Green, N.; G. A. Nash, Fleur-de-lys, Pangam; E. J. Fletcher, 3 Brooklands, Bridgetown, Totnes, Devon; E. G. Clark, Park Terrace, Kirkintilloch; B. H. Watson, 72 Lincoln Road East, Peterborough; S. Thodey, 10 Churston Avenue, Upton Park, E.; G. W. Smith, 12 Cheapside, Spennymoor, Co. Durham; Mrs Bearcroft, Porch House, Hunstanton; W. Betteridge, Chief Bandmaster, H.M.S. *Vivid*, Devonport; W. Blackledge, 19 Sussex Road, Southport; T. Thompson, 8 Armstrong Cottages, Bamburgh, R.S.O.; W. Kennedy, 6 Pine Street, Belfast; H. G. Thomson, 7 Sachbrook Road, Leamington; J. Jones, Post-office, Horwich, Lancs.; S. M. Owens, Peterboro' Avenue, Wycombe.

THERE is a new form of competition which starts on another page under the heading of the GREAT WITNESS BOX CONTEST. The idea is a development of the Questions Worth Answering page which has been running in *Pearson's Weekly* for the past dozen years. This feature has been so popular that we have searched our brains for a method of enabling readers to answer questions which would be at once simple and attractive. The search for lengthy replies to questions entails a certain amount of labour, but in the case of the new contest it will only be necessary for you to put the word "yes" or the word "no" against each of the questions asked.

ANTI-RUSSIAN.—Of course, I cannot discuss in *P.W.* the merits of either the Russian or Japanese case. Both were given in our recent issue, and readers must judge for themselves. The point you mention, however, about Russia's position, was amply answered by the Japanese writer, so it would be superfluous for me to comment on it.

A. L. points out that the Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. James William Lowther, celebrates his forty-ninth birthday on April 1st. This great politician, who has been Chairman of Ways and Means for nine years past, who has also been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and who is regarded by all members as the coming Speaker, is surely a notable instance disproving the old superstition that infants coming into the world on April 1st never show wisdom.

WITH regard to typewriting blunders, the following amusing instance is sent by B. T. (Teignmouth): "I was once typing an envelope addressed to a baronet. Imagine my horror on finding that I had written 'Sir Timothy Titmouse, Rats.,' instead of 'Bart.'"——Talking of "Bart.," reminds me of a funny complication which occurred last year to a baronet staying at a small inn in Switzerland. He found that no letters had reached him since he had been there, and made anxious inquiries. He was surprised when informed that "the only letters from Britain were addressed to a gentleman named 'Bart,' and had been returned as 'unknown.'" Of course, the hotel people had taken "Bart." for the surname.

J.L.—I should be sorry to attempt an exact translation of "Auld Lang Syne." We could say "For old time's sake," or "For the days of long ago," but they would sound lame and flat as alternatives for the Scottish term. The fact that in England we talk of "Auld Lang Syne" is clear enough proof that we have no other expression which means the same, just as we use many French and Latin phrases to cover up similar defects in our language.

IN the sentence, "As a visitor an educated Arab is unanimated," the vowels and consonants alternate. A penknife will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who sends in what the Editor considers to be the best sentence, containing not fewer than eight words, made up on similar lines. All sentences must be written on postcards, which should be addressed to THE SENTENCE EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, April 7th. Picture post-cards, to be sent to the children's hospitals after judging, will be welcomed in this competition. A further ten penknives will be reserved for readers residing outside the limits of the British Isles, whose attempts must arrive, addressed as above, not later than by first post on July 13th.

ARUNDUM writes: "Your representative in St. Petersburg is a wonder, if he was ignorant of Russian when he left Berlin. Having spent ten years of my life in Russia myself, and knowing something of the language, I read his articles with genuine pleasure, and marvel at the rapidity with which he is acquiring one of the most difficult of European tongues. His description of the Head Post-office is a gem, and recalls vividly to my mind the exact state of things I saw there thirty years ago. So much for Russian progress. It is also delightful to see his proper spelling in comparison with the awful hash made by the daily Press. No corrupt Polish or German orthography such as Czar, Suwarrow, Wannowsky, or Dobroljubow, but the correct English 'v' and 'y' for the incorrect 'w' and 'j,' letters that have no equivalent in Russian. When he comes back he will be able to tell you that the termination 'ski,' which is a source of great fun to the humourists, is merely our English 'ish,' or the Scandinavian 'sk'—Danish, Dansk, Danski. The Russians can turn nearly every substantive into an adjective by adding 'ski,' whereas we have to use the preposition 'of' when 'ish' is barred. Baron Kitchener Khartumski is Russian for Lord Kitchener of Khartoum. Suvorof-Halisky, and Muraviëf-Amurski are examples of Russian generals honoured like Lord Napier and Lord Kitchener. Our pronunciation of knout and ukase is utterly corrupt. These two words reached us *viâ* Paris in the form of knoute and oukase. We dropped the 'e' in the first, made the 'k' mute, and turned the French sound of 'ou' into 'ow'—nowt. The proper pronunciation is k-noot. In ukase we dropped the 'o,' and the uneducated promptly pronounced the word 'yew-kays,' instead of 'oo-kahs.' Ukaz is the proper way to spell it."

THE Questions Worth Answering page is left [illegible] this week to make room for more seasonable [illegible]. It will appear as usual in the next issue.

BRIXTONIAN asks: "Is it etiquette when being introduced to a number of persons to shake hands with them all round?" He was at a party [illegible] and was introduced to six young ladies, [illegible] he shook hands, afterwards being told that he had acted incorrectly.——It is not [illegible] being introduced, to shake hands; simply bow. If you wish you can shake hands all round when you leave, but that is not necessary. Shaking hands with one's host and hostess is quite sufficient, a bow being given to one's fellow guests.

WITH regard to a "smile sign," suggested by a reader the other day, D. L. and several other telegraphists write to tell me what is, of course, generally known, namely, that there is a sign signifying a smile in telegraphy. It is two dashes, two dots, and two dashes, signifying the letters "m.i.m." "This signal," writes TELEGRAPHIST, "is used often by clerks when they send a joke across the lines to another clerk."——My correspondents who are anxious to mark their jokes when they write them now know what to do. Jokers who write up to, please note. Their effusions, if properly marked, shall be dealt with by a special staff.

BUYING AND SELLING.

IN response to many and oft-repeated requests, we have decided to throw our advertisement columns open to the small and the private advertiser. Many a bargain goes a-begging for want of a suitable medium for bringing buyer and seller into touch with one another, and we believe that *P.W.*, with its colossal circulation, can do wonders in this respect. We shall, therefore, commence at once a miscellaneous advertisement column for the reception of genuine bargain announcements—wants, holiday apartments, exchanges, etc., at a uniform rate of 2s. per line of seven words, so that if you have something you want to sell quickly, and it's cheap, try a line in *P.W.*, or, if you want to pick up a bargain, watch *P.W.* miscellaneous column. All announcements for this column should be sent to the ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, Strand, London, W.C., by Tuesday, for following week's issue.

£1,000 Insurance.

484 Claims already paid, including one of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £1,000—not for one only. £1,000 sterling guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, is to be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance [illegible] applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by accident to the train in which the deceased was a bona-fide ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in charge of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with passes or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an *accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger*, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their persons. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 23 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature .....

Available from 5 p.m., Wednesday, March 30th, 1904, until midnight, Friday, April 8th, 1904.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARNOLD PEARSON LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used

England's Greatest Tenor,

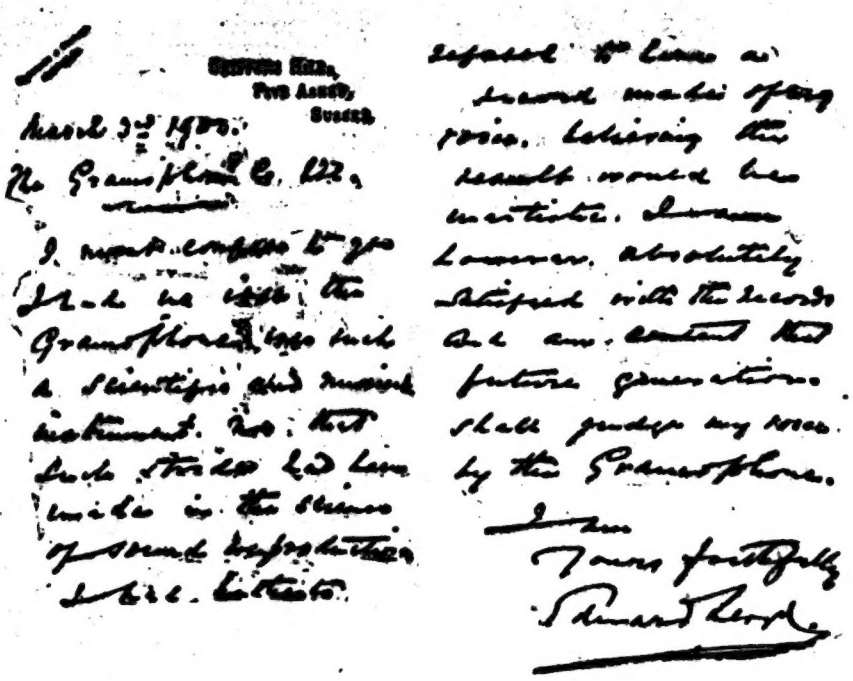
EDWARD LLOYD,

has made the following Gramophone Records:

e.c. 3—2024 I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY (Clay).
e.c. 3—2026 THE HOLY CITY (Stephen Adams).
e.c. 3—2027 THE DEATH OF NELSON (Braham).
e.c. 3—2028 ALICE, WHERE ART THOU? (Ascher).
e.c. 3—2029 YES, LET ME LIKE A SOLDIER FALL (Wallace).

These are **5/- each.** *On receipt of post-card we will send you the address of a music dealer, where you can hear these Records.*

Mr. EDWARD LLOYD writes as follows:


Crowborough Hall,
Pevensey,
Sussex.
March 3rd 1908.
The Gramophone Co. Ltd.,
I must confess to you that on visiting the Gramophone I was such a scientific and musical instrument. Not that such studies had been made in the science of sound reproduction, but I at once believed the time was second make of my voice, believing the result would be meritorious. I am however, absolutely satisfied with the records and am confident that future generations shall judge my voice by the Gramophone.
Yours faithfully
Edward Lloyd

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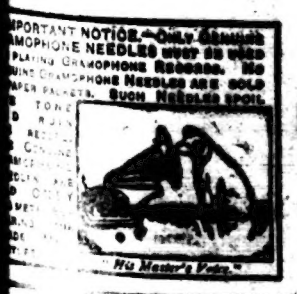

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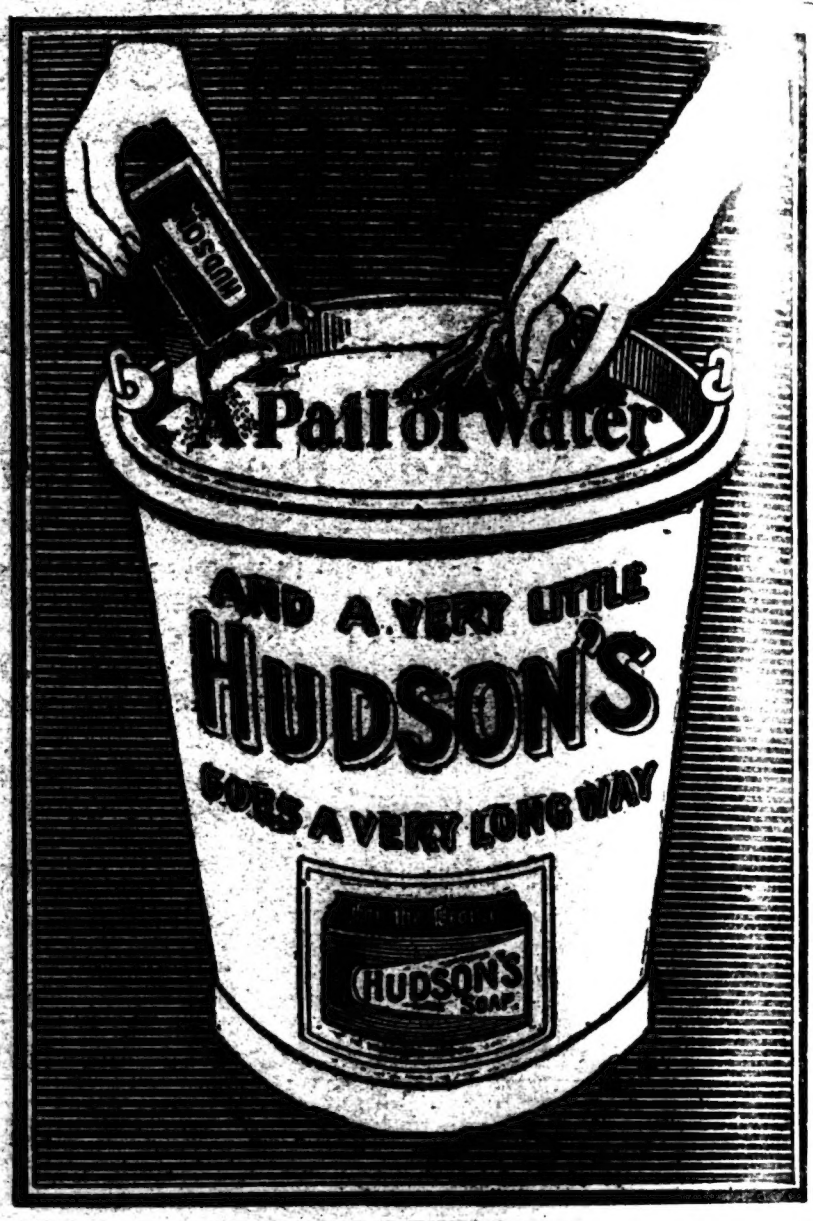

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